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PART VII.

CONSTANTINOPLE :

ITS PAST AND ITS FUTURE FALL.

WHEREVER nature is fairest and most beneficent, there man is not unfrequently most feeble or most degraded. All history warns us that we are not made to pass our days amidst the sweets of a fertile garden, inhaling its odours, plucking its flowers, and tasting its luscious fruits. It is in the struggle against difficulties that all that is best in man is nurtured into vigour, and preserved from decay. Through labour we live ; in enjoyment we die. The thorn of the rose-tree is a better friend to us than all the perfume which exhales from its blossoms.

It is through the working of this inevitable law, in conjunction with other causes, that the civilised world is now rent with the agitations of a war, whose progress is wrapt in the deepest obscurity, and whose influences on the destiny of mankind will probably be weightier than those of any conflicts which for generations have afflicted humanity. Europe, and no unimportant part of Asia, are now shaken to their foundations, because there exists a certain spot on the confines of the two continents, abounding beyond rivalry in all that would seem most fitted to add to the wealth, the dignity, the happiness, and the permanence of nations. If a people could not flourish and endure, with Constantinople for their centre, what kingdom is safe from poverty and decay ? Such would be the idea of those who estimate the fortunes of our race by the exuberance of the gifts which nature pours into our lap.

Such, no doubt, was the idea of Constantine the Great, when he thought to perpetuate his fame as a sovereign and a

Christian by the foundation of a new imperial and Christian city. His unceasing journeyings through the vast domains which owned his sway had made him acquainted with their varied physical characteristics. His experience of the necessities of governments and armies had taught him the immense importance of fertile fields, commodious harbours, and positions at once accessible to friends and secure against foes. And when undivided empire and a new and pure faith had left him without any of the ordinary incentives to action which stimulate the hearts of kings, he conceived that the rearing a city of palaces and churches on that spot, which appeared the most perfect site in the world, could not fail to consolidate the power of his posterity, and to secure a new lease of life, glorious beyond precedent, to imperial Rome. For it was his notion that Rome herself was to migrate from Italy to the shores of the Propontis. Rome, stained with the blood of innumerable Christians, disfigured by a history at once bloody and republican, was to exchange the dreary levels of the Campagna for the exuberant fertility of the East, and the profitless Tiber for the prolific stream and harbour of Byzantium; and to rule the nations from a centre where all was Christian, all artistic and magnificent, and all imperial.

That the unimportant Byzantium should be the city chosen for this splendid transformation, brief reflection sufficed to decide; without exaggeration, its situation was, as it is, unrivalled. Europe and Asia could supply no other such harbour for ships of war and commerce. From the Black Sea to the Mediterranean (which were pre-eminently *the* seas of the ancient world) the waters flowed in a channel, formed, it seemed, with the especial design of supplying every thing that the sovereign and the merchant could desire. Rushing between the shores of the two continents, through a space so narrow that at certain places an immense chain might be thrown from bank to bank for the exclusion of a hostile fleet, the stream flowed past the natural quays of Byzantium in such depth as to allow the largest ships to anchor literally close to the land; while the surrounding hills protected them from every blast. Thence sweeping onwards, the waters spread themselves into a kind of lake, possessing all the advantages of an enormous harbour or dock, again to pass through another narrow channel before finally reaching the Mediterranean and its innumerable islands.

The triangular, or rather quadrilateral, portion of land thus secured on two of its sides by the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora, was further washed towards the north-east by the Black Sea itself; so that on one side alone was it accessible to

the approach of an enemy from the European continent. Its climate was at once healthy and delicious; the waters around it swarmed with innumerable fish; the adjoining provinces presented a countless series of gardens, vineyards, and corn-fields; gigantic forests clothed the shores of the Black Sea; the white marbles of Proconnesus were at hand, in quarries ample enough for the demands of an imperial projector; and lastly, the seven hills of the old Byzantium seemed to proclaim it the natural successor to the fame and greatness of the seven hills of old Rome.

Constantinople, or New Rome, as it was first named, was accordingly raised with all the breathless speed which absolute power and enormous wealth could command. From the hour, however, when the first stone was laid, the new city served only to foster the seeds of decay already planted in the Roman empire. So far, indeed, as security against invasion went, the hopes of its founder were in a great measure fulfilled. For many centuries after the fall of old Rome, its barbarian conquerors were unable to lay their hands on Constantinople. The natural strength of its position was increased by Theodosius II. by a line of wall, about four miles in length, with 180 towers; whose magnificent and picturesque ruins still furnish matter of admiration to the reflecting traveller. Thus situated, and supported by the immense pecuniary and numerical resources of the Greek emperors, Constantinople preserved its independence, save during a short interval after its capture by the French and the Venetians, till the middle of the fifteenth century. Still, it hastened the fall of the mighty sovereignty whose sway it was designed to confirm. It created jealousies, it forcibly diverted the sources of wealth into unnatural channels, it threw the highest offices of the state into the hands of a race which inherited only the name and the vices of the older Greeks; while its climate, its riches, and its security, served but the more rapidly to enfeeble the Roman race, to substitute subtlety for vigour of intellect, manufactured repetitions for works of art, and the luxurious vanity of a decaying people for the haughty ambition of a nation of conquerors.

At length its term of existence as a Christian city was run out. A new people had arisen, unknown to Constantine, with new blood, a new superstition, and all that fiery enthusiasm which carries a young and daring race to the throne of empire. While the Greeks were, age after age, yielding themselves with more hopeless listlessness to the enervating influences of a superb climate, a fertile territory, a schismatic and superstitious faith, the north had been pouring

forth its hordes of Tartars, animated by a new, a licentious, and a bloody creed, to seize the sceptres of the degenerate Christians of the East. That extraordinary portent, the religion of Mahomet, so wonderfully adapted to conciliate and vivify the passions of the age and country where it sprung, had for above eight centuries advanced upon Christianity and Paganism in an almost unvaried career of conquest. Framed with extraordinary skill to win its way over the prejudices of the Jews, the idolatries of the Pagans, and the subtleties of a class of Christians more metaphysical than devout, it was above all precisely fitted to attract the desires of mankind as they appear in a hot climate, and in a half-civilised state of society. The strongest nations of the East had long embraced its tenets, and had found in its theological organisation precisely that stimulus to perpetual conquest and restless advance which a rude paganism rarely, if ever, supplies.

At last, the victorious Ottomans marked Constantinople as their own. Seated between the newly-created civilisation of the West and the fiery fanaticism of the Tartar tribes on the East, the Greek emperors had for generations trembled on their thrones,—so far as that egregious vanity which characterised their dynasty would permit them to fear.

In the year 1448, Constantine Palæologus, the last of the Cæsars, assumed the crown of Constantine the Great. How low the Cæsars had already fallen may be estimated from the fact, that the young emperor actually sought the hand of Maria, the widow of the recently deceased Sultan Amurath. She was a Christian (at least in name) it is true; but the very idea of such an alliance is sufficient to indicate a state of feeling between the Christian and the Mussulman nations which in this day we can with difficulty believe possible. Maria, however, preferred to take the veil; and her imperial suitor found a bride in a Georgian princess.

In the mean time, Mahomet II., the successor of Maria's husband Amurath, was inaugurating a policy towards the Greeks entirely opposed to that which had guided the latter years of his father. Mahomet is one of the great heroes of Turkish history, and as the sovereign who won the last and the fairest spoils from Christianity occupies a place in the recollection of Moslems to which his character and abilities, apart from his good fortune, would perhaps never have entitled him. In his youth he appears to have been sincere in a bigoted attachment to the creed of Mahomet, not even conversing with a Christian without afterwards washing his hands, to cleanse himself from the pollution he had incurred. As he grew to maturity, the sincerity of his superstition became more than

questionable. The zeal with which he cultivated the study of foreign languages, including (it is said) the Hebrew, at least indicated a spirit of inquiry little in harmony with the narrow limits within which the true Mussulman would confine his knowledge. To the acquisition of languages he added the culture of history and geography; but his sceptical leanings were most clearly shown in the invitations he gave to Italian painters to visit him, and the gifts with which he paid for their works.

A story is told, in connection with his reception of the celebrated Venetian painter Gentile Bellini, which is not universally accepted as true, but which may serve to show the horrible union of bloodiness with luxury which characterises Turkish monarchs like Mahomet II. Bellini had painted the Sultan's portrait, and was enjoying the full sunshine of his favour, when, on showing Mahomet a picture of the beheading of St. John the Baptist, the despot remarked that the action of the muscles was incorrectly drawn; and ordered the head of a slave to be cut off in his presence, to convince the artist of the justice of the criticism. Similar stories are given of his ripping open the bodies of fourteen pages, to search for a stolen melon; and of his beheading with his own hand a favourite female slave, in order that his soldiers might know that no tender emotions could sway his actions. On ascending the throne, he followed the usual oriental custom of murdering his infant brothers, by way of preventing the opposition of a rival. One of these, however, was saved, carried to Rome, baptised, and lived and died a Christian in the Austrian territories. In other respects Mahomet was a Turk in the very worst of forms. To a love for licentiousness in its vilest shapes he united an iron will, a temper that never forgave, and a deliberate violation of all agreements with Christians. A more formidable foe to the cowering multitude of Greeks who lay hidden within the vast walls of Constantinople cannot be conceived.

In the autumn of 1451 Mahomet made the first decisive move towards the siege. Of the ancient territories, of which Constantinople had once been the centre, little more remained than the immediate neighbourhood of the city itself. The Asiatic coast of the Bosphorus had been long lost to Christianity; and on the European side, Adrianople was already a species of capital of the Turkish dominions. Mahomet's first step was to plant a fortress on the shore of the Bosphorus; which, in conjunction with a Turkish fort on the Asiatic side, would command the marine approaches from the west, and effectually preclude the advance of any succour

from Latin Christendom. In March 1452 the building of this fort, at a spot called Asomaton, only five miles from Constantinople, was commenced. The very remains of Christian churches were employed in its construction; and by the end of September the fortifications were completed. Marvelous tales are recorded of the artillery with which the stronghold was supplied, and of the general character of the missiles which, even in that infancy of the age of gunpowder, were at the disposal of the Turkish invader. In the present day, if report speaks truly, every fresh improvement in modern gunnery no sooner appears in Germany, France, or England, than the Russian hereditary foe of Constantinople enlists it in his service. And what Nicholas does now, Mahomet did before him. Liberal payment induced a certain Christian engineer, Urban by name, to desert the Greek emperor for the Turkish sultan; and under his direction a foundry was set up at Adrianople, and a monster cannon cast, of a weight and capacity almost incredible. Whether or not the estimate of its powers was enormously exaggerated by popular fear and crafty diplomacy, it is not easy to say. Its bore is estimated at twelve palms; the weight of the stone ball which it discharged at 600 pounds: sixty oxen dragged along the carriage on which it was placed, 250 pioneers smoothed the inequalities in its path; and in the space of two months it thus progressed about 150 miles. The range of its ball was above a mile. Such was the engine on which Mahomet chiefly relied for effecting a breach in the walls of Constantinople. From 200,000 to 300,000 soldiers encamped before the city; and a fleet above 300 sail, chiefly of small size, swarmed into the waters of the Propontis.

But for the strength of the fortifications, the capture of the city must have been a mere formality. What was the precise amount of the resident population it is not possible to ascertain; but the paucity of the troops on whom any reliance could be placed as soldiers would be incredible, were it not stated on the authority of the emperor's devoted minister Phranza, whose account of the times forms one of the most interesting and authentic of the Byzantine histories, and who himself prepared the report on the state of the soldiery for his sovereign's information. Phranza states, that the whole number of trusty troops upon whom he could reckon was *four thousand nine hundred and seventy*! Such were the descendants of Cæsar's legions. Two thousand Genoese were added to their ranks; and to this little band was intrusted the form, or the farce, of defending a city of above thirteen miles in circumference.

The siege commenced on the 6th of April. The invaders employed at once the devices of the old system of warfare and the resources of the new. Stones and darts accompanied the battering-ram; and a monstrous wooden tower was dragged up to the walls, to place the besiegers on a level with the defenders of the walls. The enormous cannon, with many others of smaller calibre, shot forth its stone and leaden balls as rapidly as the inexperience of the times would permit. The Turks, however, were ill-supplied with gunpowder; the Greeks knew more than their enemies of the art of war; and the first assaults were totally unsuccessful.

In the mean time supplies reached the besieged by sea. Five large ships from Germany and Italy cut their way through Mahomet's numerous but inefficient fleet, which floated in the Sea of Marmora, shut out from the narrow Bosphorus by a chain drawn from shore to shore; and the admiral, a renegade, received the characteristic oriental reward of defeat, in the shape of a frightful scourging in the sultan's own presence, with the confiscation of his goods, and exile. Having thus flogged the unhappy commander almost to death, Mahomet conceived the idea of lodging his ships close under the walls of the city, by transporting them overland. The entrance of the harbour defied the efforts of a fleet which could do nothing unless it could come to close quarters. Greek ships protected the chain-barrier; and thus guarded, the marine side of the fortifications was secure. The daring ingenuity of the sultan succeeded. He constructed a kind of road of planks from the shore of the Propontis round again to the shore of the harbour of the Bosphorus. The gigantic multitude of the host he commanded supplied the place of the engines of modern art; and (as it is said) in the course of a night he conveyed about eighty of his galleys along the well-greased pathway, and launched them in the shallows of the harbour. There he constructed a mole for the reception of his artillery; while his ships almost touched the walls and quays of the devoted city.

Negotiations were entered into, but speedily discontinued; and the sultan prepared for conquest, and the emperor for death. The last moments of Constantine were worthy of better days. After summoning the chiefs of his troops, and exhorting them to do all that men could do, he repaired to Santa Sophia and communicated. The attack began with the day, the 29th of May, 1453. The besiegers swarmed to the breaches which their guns had made; the extraordinary advantages of position which the fortifications still gave to the Greeks made the first advances a work of almost certain

death; but numbers rapidly prevailed. The Genoese auxiliary, Giustiniani, was wounded, and, despite the entreaties of the emperor, turned and fled. In a few hours all was lost, and the last of the Cæsars lay dead amid the heaps of slain. The terrified inhabitants left their houses and fled to the church of Santa Sophia. The dome of that glorious edifice, long the wonder and admiration of the Christian world, resounded with the cries of men, women, and children, of priests, of monks, and of nuns. But a short time before, Santa Sophia had been the scene of a furious outbreak of schismatic fanaticism, directed against a priest who had favoured the reunion of the Greeks with the Holy See. It now witnessed one of those scenes which can occur only when the victors are the followers of the foul creed of Mahomet. The barricaded doors were burst open; the Turkish conquerors shed little or no blood, as there were none there to provoke it. Avarice and lust were their sole guiding passions. All alike, nobles and commoners, wives and maidens, the prelate and the nun, were seized, bound, taken possession of by the conquerors, and transferred to slavery and the horrors of the seraglio. The riches of the city were still very great; the gold and jewels, private possessions, and sacred vessels, were alike appropriated to the service of the Mussulman. Whatever Mahometan ignorance despised, or Mahometan bigotry abhorred, was destroyed and burnt. Religious pictures and images, works of art and skill, and all the treasures of the Byzantine libraries, classical and Christian, were annihilated, saving only such few fragments as cupidity rescued from rage for the purposes of sale. The public buildings of every description were set aside by Mahomet for himself, and the high altar of Santa Sophia was defiled with the devotions of the bloody and impure creed of Islam.

Four centuries have now passed since that day; and the dullest observer can hardly fail to see that the hour of retribution is at length at hand. Constantinople, for ages the throne of the Mahometan religion, is about to be its grave. During eight centuries that creed advanced from victory to victory, triumphing with scarcely a reverse. The holiest places of the East, the riches and the splendours of the borderlands between Europe and Asia, the wild Arab, the roving Tartar, the effeminate Greek, alike bowed before the Crescent, either as a slave or an adherent; and when Constantinople fell before Mahomet, and the conqueror entered the palace of the Cæsars as his own, and quoted the old Persian saying, "The spider has woven his web in the royal palace, and the owl has hooted his song on the turrets of Afrasiab," we can

hardly doubt that the dreams of Constantine the Great were renewed in his meditations, and that he anticipated a deathless prosperity for his successors in the newly-acquired seat of empire.

Half the period which was needed to carry the Crescent from Mecca to Santa Sophia has sufficed to cloud its brightness with the gloom of approaching extinction. That bloody, lustful, unnatural, bigoted, and tyrannical faith, whose justice is the bowstring, whose tender mercies are the bastinado, whose house of penitence is the seraglio, and whose wisdom is the sword, is about to submit to the inevitable doom which awaits the enemies of the faith of Jesus Christ. Long has the day of recompense been delayed. From myriads of sufferers has the cry gone up for vengeance, apparently in vain. The hour is at last at hand; and it is permitted to us to hope, not merely that an utter overthrow will annihilate for ever the influence of the Koran in Turkey, but that the Cross will reign in undimmed lustre in its stead.

Engaged as we are at this moment in a war for the express purpose of upholding the integrity of the Turkish empire, the anticipations here expressed may at first sight seem inconsistent with facts, or, at the best, premature. Still less, it may be supposed, can such expectations be reconciled with a cordial desire for the success of the British arms in defence of the Mahometan Sultan and his subjects and possessions. A little reflection, however, we think, will show that, so far from there existing any opposition between our hopes for the future and our wishes for the present, they are in the strictest harmony; or rather, are essentially parts of one complete whole. The explanation of the seeming contradiction is to be found in a more exact statement of the object of the present war. We are not fighting for the Sultan, but against the Czar. The really formidable foe of Christianity in this age is not the creed of Mahomet, but that antichristian power which is personified by the Emperor of all the Russias.

We think that no greater practical mistake could be committed than that which would follow from a bare contrast between Russia *as Christian*, and Turkey *as Mahometan*. Whatever Russia may be by profession; however near in many respects to the true faith of the Gospel; whatever may be the validity of the orders of her Church, and whatever the sacramental graces possessed by her people who are in invincible ignorance,—*practically* the Czar is a far more formidable foe than the Sultan. A man who would not scruple at murder is, abstractedly, a more dreadful enemy than one who would only swindle us or defame us; but when the willing

murderer is a decrepit powerless old man, and the swindler young, active, and vigorous, it would be the fondest infatuation to fear the murderer's violence as much as the rogue's machinations. In the mysterious providence of God, the creed of Mahomet is rapidly hastening to decay. If it is likely still to survive for ages, it must be as one among the crowd of effete religions which still keep a hold on the lives of hereditary votaries, but which can make no proselytes and can persecute no more.

In the hands of the Russian Czar, on the contrary, the name of Christ and the glory of the Cross are but the cloak for a principle which is as directly antagonistic of Christianity as the monstrous inventions of Mahomet. In faith, as in morals, a man may keep the whole law save in one point, and so may be virtually guilty in all. A dead fly makes a whole vessel even of the sweetest ointment to stink. Grant that the Greek Church is every thing that the widest charity can suggest, and the damning spot remains. It is the slave of the temporal power. It abdicates the sovereignty which Almighty God has conferred upon His Church. It places itself as a tool in the hands of the secular sovereignty ; to do its bidding, to aid in enthralling the bodies of men, to see with the eyes of the Czar, to hear with his ears, and to repeat his manifestoes as the voice of God. We are in the habit of taunting the Anglican Establishment with its Elizabethan origin, its parliamentary creed, and its subjugation to the ministry of the day ; but, compared with the Greek Church, the English Establishment is free. Its fetters allow it just so much liberty as permits it to kick with one or two of its limbs, to protest that it is its own master, and to demand fair treatment from its superiors. In Russia these recalcitrations and remonstrances are not even thought of. A kick would be quelled with the knout, and protesting priests would be sent to discourse to the icy gales of Siberia. Nicholas would make short work of an Archdeacon Denison ; and a Philpotts would hardly survive to publish a second pamphlet against the imperial supremacy.

Practically, then, our great enemy in this nineteenth century is the sovereign who claims to represent, and who actually holds in his hands, the spiritual influences of the Greek schism. All that tempts man to pride, and to a life-long resistance to the humbling precepts of the Gospel, combines to make the Russian monarchs the deadliest foes of the Catholic faith. Nicholas himself is stimulated by personal motives to wage war against Catholics to the knife. Whatever humiliations may be in store for him from the fleets of England

and France, none can be more bitter than that which he has already experienced from the successor of Peter. Years ago, when his name was great in this country, and he was regarded as the invincible arbiter of the destinies of Europe, he one day paid a visit to the venerable and almost dying Pontiff Gregory, and left the old man's presence trembling like a beaten hound. Has Nicholas, do we think, forgotten that day of dishonour? Does he hate England or the Emperor Napoleon with one-tenth of the bitterness with which he hates the possessor of that invisible power, in whose mysterious presence he, the lord of one-sixth part of the globe, was abashed, silenced, and overcome? As Englishmen, or as Frenchmen, we may view the approaches of the Czar upon the territory of Turkey with dismay, as destroying the balance of power in Europe; but as Catholics we view them with a still more vivid alarm; for we know what we have to look for from him who uses the holiest names for the vilest purposes, and who can invoke the protection of the Cross itself for the furtherance of schemes for subjecting alike the bodies and the souls of men to his absolute sway.

Whatever, then, be the doom of Turkey, our first desire is to curb the power of Russia. When Turkey falls to pieces, Russia, if she is not checked beforehand, will seize the lion's share of the splendid prize; and the cold bloodthirstiness of the Czar will be substituted for the fiery passions of the Muselman. We should rejoice indeed to see the Russian empire shorn of its recent acquisitions. Stripped of his rich Tartar and Polish provinces, the Muscovite might possibly learn wisdom, cease from aspirations after conquest, and acquiesce in the great truth, that his duty is to civilise his people, rather than to raise millions of soldiers to fight and die in the service of his personal ambition.

Supposing, therefore, that Russia receives a complete and permanent check in the present struggle, what can we reasonably anticipate with respect to Turkey? Is it possible to preserve the integrity of the Turkish empire? And if it is possible, is it desirable? We think it neither possible nor desirable. Setting aside the decorous conventionalities of politicians, and "clearing our minds of cant," what is to be done with our "ancient ally" and his magnificent possessions? What ought to be our real aim, in the expenditure of blood and treasure to which we have now committed ourselves? Should we bolster up the Sultan's sovereignty as long as we can? or only until the time is come for such a division of his territories as may best further the interests of Christianity? We do not, of course, advocate any violent seizure of his king-

dom, or any measure of such a description as might even look like conquest and injustice. Whatever might be abstractedly and strictly lawful in such a case, we are willing to waive all theoretical rights. We will suppose that the Turks are the lawful possessors of Constantinople; and that if the Latins again take possession of the imperial city, it must be because circumstances destroy the Turkish sovereignty, or render its existence incompatible with the safety of the other nations of Europe. We have no hesitation in saying, that we believe the Turkish sovereignty *is* thus tottering to its foundation,—that this present war will probably hasten on and finally produce that downfall,—and that the sooner it takes place the better, in order that a partition of its entire territories may be made while France, England, and Austria, are on terms of friendship.

Our reasons for thus believing in the imminent fall of the Turkish power we find in the inherent nature of the Turkish creed. Those very peculiarities which conferred upon Mahometanism its first tremendous powers, and which for centuries have insured it a vigorous existence, contain in themselves the natural elements of decay. Adapted to the passions and infirmities of man's nature, as developed in one era and in one climate, it is adapted to that era and that climate alone. It will not bear a collision with the tide of human affairs, as it rolls on from generation to generation. Take away the circumstances which fostered its birth, and it dies of constitutional disease. It needs not even a direct contact with Christianity itself to crumble into fragments. It is sufficient that it encounters those social feelings and political ideas which have grown up under the shadow of the Gospel, though they have ceased to be themselves exclusively Christian. Human life, such as it has become in modern days, brings the death-warrant to that social and political system without which the creed of Mahomet is but a name. The entrance of modern civilisation into the system of Islamism is equivalent to the explosion of a mine under a fortress already in decay.

If any of our readers are disposed to doubt that such must be the inevitable result of the progress of events, a rapid survey of the principal features of the religion of the Koran will, we think, be sufficient to undeceive them.

The Koran, as every one knows, is the Mahometan Bible. Mahomet pretended that he received it by direct inspiration, and at different periods; an ingenious device, by which he was enabled to escape the criticisms which must have been passed upon so lengthy a production had it been first given to the world in its completeness; for wherever any new revelation

was found inconsistent with what had gone before, the answer was ready,—that the latter revelation abrogated the former. Critics consider that the Koran is a work of considerable literary merit, the Arabic in which it is written being extremely pure; and the style, though occasionally turgid and extravagant, on the whole well adapted to the genius of the oriental mind. It is not to be forgotten, moreover, that the impostor not unfrequently incorporated such passages of the Old Testament as suited his purposes. It is destitute of all method and regularity of construction; statements of doctrine, moral precepts, exhortations, and prayers, being mingled together in admirable confusion. It is divided into 114 chapters, bearing titles adopted from certain words of importance which occur in the several divisions. These titles are often quaint and ludicrous to a Western ear. The 1st chapter is called “the Cow;” the 6th, “Cattle;” the 13th, “Thunder;” the 16th, “the Bee;” others, “the Poets,” “the Ant,” “the Spider,” “Smoke,” “the Inner Apartments,” “Iron,” “He who disputed,” “the Fig,” “Congealed Blood,” “the Elephant,” and so forth.

The creed which this strange volume discloses is commonly described as a combination of Judaism, Christianity, and Arabic superstitions, with sundry crafty inventions of the “Prophet’s” own brain. This idea is only so far true, as that all these elements are really found existing in its composition. As a creed and code, Mahometanism is really little more than a corruption and modification of the Law of Moses. It is Judaism adapted to the infirmities and passions of the Arabians and other orientals of the seventh century. Christianity, as a body of doctrine and a law of morals, has no part in it whatsoever. A few of the external facts of Christianity are added to the Judaic structure, more in the way of historical colouring, and as a plausible deception to the critical eye, than as an element in the faith to be adopted by its disciples. Nor does Paganism, either in its dogmas or its morality, enter more deeply into the Mahometan creed. Its superstitions are worked up into the general fabric as romantic and poetic elements, and as productive of innumerable minute observances, rather than as tending to form the genuine Mahometan mind and character. Whatever was ordained or permitted by Almighty God in the Mosaic law with special reference to the weakness or the hardness of the human heart,—all this the impostor retained. Whatever, or at least a considerable portion of what Moses had taught against the absurdities of Polytheism, this also Mahomet seized and professedly made the foundation of his creed; and thus he conciliated the wiser and better

classes of the nations whom he sought to convert, and gained a weapon against Paganism of the most formidable moral character. Oriental Christianity being, moreover, frightfully degenerate, and split into endless divisions, especially on subjects connected with the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, Mahomet proposed a ready cure for these harassing subtleties, in sweeping the whole away by a denial of the Trinity in any possible sense whatsoever. Still, Christianity was a great fact; and, as a fact, though not as a revelation, it might serve his purpose. He therefore recognised it theoretically as a revelation; but practically as so corrupt in its Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments, that not the slightest dependence could be placed on any remaining copies. He admitted that our Blessed Lord was a Prophet, whose work had been great and holy in its day, and that His conception and birth were altogether supernatural. Thus armed with one of the most masterly conceptions with which mortal man ever sought to rule his fellows, Mahomet announced that the fulness of time was come, and that the final revelation had been made to himself, in which both Jews and Christians by their own principles, and Pagans through the force of reason, were bound to acquiesce.

To the religion thus promulgated Mahomet gave the name *Islam*; a word signifying submission to, or reception of, the will of God. Its first doctrine was the unity, spirituality, and eternity of God, the Creator of all things in heaven and earth. To this truth Mahomet added the dogma of predestination in its utmost rigour. Every event, great and small, in this life, he taught to be decreed in such a manner that the elect must be saved and the reprobate damned: and it is one of the most remarkable peculiarities of his religion, that he actually succeeded in impressing a *practical* fatalism upon the minds of his followers, which has materially influenced their conduct down to the present hour, to an extent which the wildest fatalism of speculators and Calvinists has never elsewhere attained.

The doctrine of the Koran on angels is a singular corruption of the truth. It asserts the existence of hosts of good angels, variously employed in the service of God. Two guardian-angels are assigned to every man, to observe and write down his actions; but they are changed every day. There are four chief angels: Gabriel, the angel of revelations; Michael, the protector of the Jews; Azrael, the angel of death; and Israfil, who will sound the trumpet of the resurrection. They have bodies formed from fire, but no distinction of sex. The devils are fallen angels,—their head

going by the name of Eblis; they rebelled in refusing to worship Adam at the command of God, and were expelled from heaven. The Koran also professes to give their pretence for refusing to obey; they considered Adam as their inferior, because he was formed from clay, and they from fire. Besides these, Mahomet incorporated into his supernatural world the popular belief which in the West has peopled the earth and air with fairies, elves, sprites, and local demons. These are the genii of *The Arabian Nights*, and the innumerable other tales of *diablerie* in which Oriental romance so much delights. These genii possess bodies less spiritual than the angels and devils, but less gross than the clay-formed bodies of men. They eat, drink, and multiply; and perpetually interfere in the affairs of humanity.

The prophetic office holds a prominent place in the creed of Mahometans. They have varying traditions as to the number of prophets who have been divinely commissioned to instruct and reform the world; some making them amount to 124,000; others to nearly double the number. Of these, 313 have been apostles, or teachers of true doctrine; and six have introduced new dispensations: Adam, Noe, Abraham, Moses, our Blessed Lord, and finally the arch-deceiver himself.

The Koran teaches a general resurrection at the end of time; to include angels, genii, men, and animals, and the body as well as the soul. The mode of proceeding with the judgment, which immediately follows, is one of the most extraordinary of Mahomet's inventions, and shows his skill in turning the worst passions of man to account in the very construction of a system of religion. The good works of each man will be weighed in one scale, and his bad ones in another; and according as the balance turns, even by the hair's-breadth, so will be his eternal destiny determined. Here, however, a new element is introduced. Every one is to take vengeance upon every one who has injured him during his lifetime, by the following ingenious process. The injured person receives a portion of the good works of the person who has wronged him, and places them to his own account before God; and the balance is then finally struck. We see the natural working of this hideous invention, in the exquisite pleasure with which a Mahometan anticipates the burning in hell of any one with whom he quarrels. If any two gratifications can be called especially "sweet" to fallen man, they are revenge and lust; and both of these Mahomet contrived to enlist in his service, by promising them a gratification after death. This mortal revenge, moreover, he did not reserve exclusively to rational beings. All animals are to take vengeance upon one

another, and then, every one of them, be turned into dust. The wicked, finally, including not only the human race, but those of the genii who would not believe in Mahomet, with Eblis and all the devils, are cast into the intense fire and cold of hell; while the believing genii accompany the good to Paradise. All alike, however, have to cross a certain bridge, finer than a hair and sharper than the edge of a sword. The good cross it in safety, the wicked fall from it into the hell which yawns beneath.

The Mahometan Paradise is pure sensuality, the extent of its enjoyment being apportioned to the respective degrees of merit of those who enter. The meanest, however, will have eighty thousand beautiful youths for servants, and seventy-two beautiful girls (*houries*) for wives; besides, if he wishes it, the wives he had on earth, and if these latter are so fortunate as to accompany him; for Mahomet declares that in a certain vision which he had of hell, he perceived that the greater part of the inhabitants were women.* Every body will be clad in the most superb dresses, and pass his existence in feasting on the most delicious dainties without surfeit, and drinking the most delicious wines without intoxication, in a country of transcendent beauty, and amidst the sounds of ravishing music.

The chief points of Mahometan devotion are four: prayer, which Mahomet ordered to be performed five times a day, and to be accompanied with ablutions; almsgiving, partly as enjoined by the law, and partly voluntary in amount; the fast of the month Ramadan, during which they neither eat nor drink from sunrise to sunset; and a pilgrimage to Mecca, once (if possible) during a man's life. He forbade the use of wine and gaming; he allowed his followers four wives at a time, with permission to make up the number from their female slaves, and a great freedom of divorce; and he condemned the use of images and pictures.

A tremendous force was given to the whole system by the assertion of a Divine commission to propagate this religion by the sword; eternal life being promised to all who fell in fighting against those whom Mahomet called "unbelievers." The revelation was declared to be final; and its profession was made essential to the enjoyment of any of the privileges of freedom and citizenship. Every people that embraced it became *nationally* Mahometan; and every idea that might clash with the Koran was crushed without remorse, as utterly hateful.

* We must do him the justice to add, that in his corresponding vision of heaven he perceived that the greater part of its inhabitants were *from the poor*.

Such was this monstrous portent, as it sprung to life, and was organised by the extraordinary abilities of the impostor-prophet. That it should have proved in its results more cruel, more impure, more bigoted, and less powerful to enforce its professed restraints on human passion, than it showed itself in its first commencement, was but the necessary consequence of the deceit which was its origin and life. It availed nothing that in many things it copied or resembled the Jewish law, and corrected the far greater atrocities of Paganism; for the Jewish law was already superseded by Christianity; and in blaspheming Christ, Mahomet was as truly the instrument of the devil, as if he had taught the grossest idolatry and superstition, and the most disgusting of Pagan impurities.

Such now it remains, even in its days of decrepitude. And being what it is, it is clearly impossible that it can retain its supremacy or vitality in any nation where modern civilisation finds an entrance. That very exclusiveness which once constituted its motive-power is now its deadly disease. Those very ideas and rules of morality which originally gave it so plausible an appearance in the presence of the boundless license of Paganism, stand in the directest conflict with those ideas which Christianity has communicated to modern civilisation, even when Christian faith and Christian devotion are altogether lost. Its very prohibition of images and pictures would alone suffice to make a union between European cultivation and the dominance of the Koran a practical impossibility. Its restrictions are as abhorrent to Christian liberty, as its permissions are offensive to Christian duty. Turkey, therefore, when she ceased to be strictly and solely Mahometan, began the excavation of the mine which must shiver her into a thousand fragments. Its explosion can only be a matter of time. The chambers are hollowed out, the powder is buried, the fuse is now in process of laying; and, perhaps when we least are looking for it, the earth will be rent by the bursting flames, and the bloody despotism of four centuries be laid low in its own ruins. May it be granted to us to see the Cross appearing triumphant aloft above the prostrate remains of its hereditary foe!

As we have already intimated, we cannot but expect that the present war will actually produce the catastrophe. The friendship of France and England must prove as fatal to Turkey as the hostility of Nicholas; and heartily we rejoice in the prospect that, at the moment of dissolution, France and not Russia will be the ally of England in the possession, or rather in occupation of the Sultan's dominions. As for supposing that England, with only secular motives to guide her,

will be content to go on expending blood and taxes for the sole pleasure of keeping the Czar from laying his hands on the Turks, the expectation is visionary. We shall do in Turkey what we have repeatedly done in the farther East,—interfere, advise, lend money, and finally appropriate our debtor's effects. France will do the same, not only from national motives, but because Catholicism has a positive and effective influence on her councils. In the minds of thousands, nay, millions of Frenchmen, the Holy Land is a prize more worth a war than any merely commercial or military acquisition. The French Catholic, too, and every Catholic throughout Christendom, must hope for the day when the blasphemies of Mahomet shall be wiped away from the walls of Santa Sophia, and that venerable temple be made once more a Christian church. Who can forget, that the very last time that Mass was celebrated in Santa Sophia, the Holy Sacrifice was a *Catholic* Mass, and that the infatuated Greeks fled from the church in schismatic frenzy, at the prospect of the submission of their nation to the hated supremacy of Rome? Why should we not indulge in at least some faint hope for the speedy, perfect, and final reconciliation of Santa Sophia to the centre of unity; and pray that the new crusade may plant the Cross at once on Constantinople and Jerusalem?

If France and England but remain united, we have little fear that such will be the result. England wants Egypt, as her highway to India; France would take Asiatic Turkey, including the Holy Land. That Russia may get nothing, we fervently hope; and some arrangement might be made with Austria for a fair apportionment of the provinces both north and south of the Danube. Constantinople itself is the difficulty. We could wish, perhaps, that France alone should possess it; though possibly the interests of religion would be best furthered by the carrying out of the scheme so often talked of, in its erection (with a certain portion of territory) into a free city like Hamburg and others in the north of Germany, under the guarantee of France, England, and Austria; and including the entire abolition of the Koran as a national law. The regeneration of Constantinople under the *Code Napoléon* would be a spectacle worth living to see. Viewing the question merely from the secular point of view, of all nations in Europe none are so qualified as the French to administer the government of a mixed population in a state of transition such as is already found in Constantinople; while none could vie with them as skilful conservators and restorers of those architectural glories which recal the past in such profusion of splendour in the garden-city of Constantine.

It would be the crowning merit of the Emperor of the French, and would constitute him in a peculiar sense the successor of St. Louis, could he thus accomplish the work of the old crusaders, and restore once more the faith of Jesus Christ to its supremacy in lands so long defiled and degraded.

We fear, however, that the thread of coming events is so knotted and tangled, that no human eye can discern its course. The whole circumstances of the case are so entirely without parallel, that speculation is at fault, and can be assured of nothing beyond the fact, that Turkey is at the point of death. Many may be the complications, the misunderstandings, the heartburnings, and the quarrels, before the work is accomplished, Turkey divided, and Europe and the world at peace. Still, however obscure the future, and however distant the end, we entertain a strong conviction that the progress of the Faith will be accelerated, and that a new era is about to dawn upon the lands where the Gospel was first given to mankind.

WAS SHAKSPEARE A CATHOLIC?

IN the great question of the comparative intellectual influences of Catholicity and Protestantism, the names of Shakspeare and Spenser are generally relied upon by Protestants as decisive with regard to poetry. As to Spenser, however, he has never been a popular poet like Shakspeare, who has been the idol of the people; who has laid fast hold on their passions and feelings; and to whom they proudly appeal as a splendid specimen of the opening glory of that intellectual emancipation which is vaunted as the primary result of the Reformation. To Shakspeare, learned and unlearned among Protestants alike appeal on this great controversy, as the learned among them point to the poetry of Spenser or the prose of Bacon.

There is, however, a flagrant fallacy in this argument; which to detect simply requires the slightest attention to chronology. These illustrious men were not the first-fruits of Protestantism, but the last legacies of Catholicity. It is true, when they wrote, the country was Protestant; but it had only just become so even by law; and in fact and spirit it was scarcely so: it was in a state of transition and struggle; and the struggle lasted more or less from the Reformation to the Revolution. The real question is, not what were they when they wrote, but what were they when they were edu-

cated? when their minds were opened and fed with that first deep stock of ideas, which Lord Brougham declares exceeds in value and in vigour all that are subsequently acquired? What was England when they were born and bred? What were those among whom they lived? Under what influences were they brought up? To a large extent Catholic. Not exclusively so, of course; but to such an extent as to colour their character and influence their ideas.

Shakspeare was born in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, when only a few years had elapsed since England was ruled by a Catholic sovereign, and solemnly reconciled to the Holy See. It may be conjectured, then, that Shakspeare's parents were most probably Catholics. And there is much to confirm this conclusion. In the house in which he was born, an ancient document was discovered purporting to be the will of John Shakspeare the father, and sufficiently attesting his faith by its fine old Catholic commencement: "I commend my soul to Almighty God and to the Blessed Mary ever Virgin." It is true that Malone, with the instinct of a Protestant critic, rejects the genuineness of this document; but a Catholic will as much suspect the impartiality of his reasoning as that of Spelman, when, from a similar bias, he rejects the evidences afforded to the ancient orthodoxy of England, derived from books purporting to have been written in the age of Alfred; and which the ingenious antiquary labours to prove were written some centuries afterwards. One answer suffices to all such theories. They were never heard of until the necessities of the Protestant argument required them. To recur, however, to Shakspeare. We said many other facts confirmed the conclusion as to his Catholic education, or at least the Catholic colouring of his character, and its influence upon his mind. Of course, one great fact upon the subject would be the style and spirit of his poetry. Does that betray a latent love of Catholicity? Does it exhibit the influence of Catholicity? This question we propose to discuss. And our conviction is, that the poetry of Shakspeare does exhibit the character of his mind, and the influence of Catholicity upon it; an influence often unconscious, but on that account making the more interesting the fact of its existence. When he wrote, Elizabeth was in the zenith of her power, and the Catholics were depressed and persecuted. But that does not prove that Catholicity was extinguished. It is notorious that a large number of her subjects who ostensibly "conformed" were really attached to the ancient faith. On the part of the queen herself, the controversy was really as to the question of supremacy, or rather as to her own legitimacy. Her father had

only quarrelled on the supremacy; and she would gladly have submitted to that, if her own legitimacy could have been admitted. One would expect *à priori*, then, to find Shakspeare pandering, indeed, to royal passions and popular prejudices as to the question of Roman supremacy; but on all other subjects betraying a Catholic spirit, or the influence of it, at all events, upon his mind. And so it is.

We need not remind our readers that a large proportion of Shakspeare's plays are founded upon stories, the scenes of which are laid in Catholic life, and many of them in English history; which, up to the very last reign (with the exception of a few years), had been Catholic. And it cannot but be observed that he reverts to those scenes and times with enthusiastic admiration, and in no spirit of detraction. We might, indeed, expect (as we have already observed) to find him embrace every opportunity, from the reign of John to that of Henry VIII., to pander to popular prejudices as to the "domination" of Rome. And accordingly, in the play of "King John"—the earliest of the historical series—we have some celebrated passages, breathing the spirit of "the royal supremacy;" and which have served ever since as watchwords against "Papal usurpation." He represents the king as saying:

"What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add this much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority."

Our readers will recognise in the phrase, "Italian priest," the very expression applied by Lord J. Russell to Archbishop Cullen, in the debates on Papal Aggression; so lasting are prejudices once implanted in the popular mind. And they will recollect the next line as quoted by the late Lord Chancellor (Truro) at a City banquet during the height of that agitation. The very chords of national feeling, so skilfully played on by Shakspeare under the patronage of the statesmen of Elizabeth, were made to vibrate again, after the lapse of three centuries, by the ministers of Victoria. But let no one imagine these passages prove any thing as to Shakspeare's real feelings.

Listen to the lines in the same play, in which he afterwards depicts the true character and actual conduct of the monarch in whose mouth he has just put such high-sounding sentiments of independence and freedom.

“Cousin, away for England; haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; angels imprisoned
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.”

To which the Bastard replies with glee:

“Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.”

Does not this look like sarcasm? Could Shakspeare fail to recollect how recently a sovereign, similar in spirit and in conduct, had issued such a commission? Could he be oblivious of the plunder and murder of “abbots” under the father of the reigning monarch? No argument against the supposition can be drawn from the fact of Elizabeth’s relationship to the royal plunderer; for it is not to be doubted that she in her heart disapproved of his conduct; so that Shakspeare knew he could not offend her by his sarcasm. It was for her mother, not her father, she was jealous; for her father was her mother’s murderer. Certain it is, if he had meant sarcasm, it could not have been more severe; and that he most aptly portrayed the spirit and temper of the royal ruffians who had plundered the Church, and the rapacious courtiers who had proved their ready tools.

Shakspeare has himself supplied the best comment upon his own sarcasm in those severe lines upon—

“That sly devil,
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids—
That smooth-fac’d gentleman, tickling commodity—
Commodity, the bias of the world—
The world, which of itself is poised well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.”

All this, of course, would be perfectly consistent with Shakspeare’s seizing every opportunity to hold up to royal and national detestation the supremacy of the Holy See; and of course this disposition would especially manifest itself in re-

gard to the legates and cardinals, as most closely connected with Rome. In the fulfilment of this purpose he is utterly unscrupulous as to truth, and distorts and falsifies the facts of history in a most unprincipled manner. Thus, in the "King John," he represents Pandulph, the papal legate, as driving a sordid sort of traffic with the king in the independence of England, and engaged in a kind of conspiracy to enslave it; whereas *Magna Charta* attests that the papal legate was not Pandulph, but the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that both worked together for the obtaining of that great charter. So, in "Henry V.," he portrays Cardinal Beaufort in the most odious colours, both covetous and ambitious, proud, cruel, and overbearing, and the murderer of the "good Duke of Gloucester;" and represents the king as paying the warmest tribute of respect to the character of the duke, and as speaking in the strongest terms against the cardinal. The truth of history is precisely the reverse of all this: the cardinal's was a truly noble character, and the duke was a designing traitor; and the king himself well knew it.

In the next play, "Richard II.," is a passage on which Shakspeare dwells with a fondness and fulness of expression quite unnecessary, unless as the outbreak of his own inward feelings, on the character of Catholic England. He makes John of Gaunt, on the bed of death, utter a long speech, in which occur the following lines:

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, the seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
(For Christian service and true chivalry),
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, *blessed Mary's Son* :
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now *leased out* (I die pronouncing it),
Like to a *tenement or pelting farm*."

The latter expressions are singularly applicable to the condition of England in the reign of Edward VI., when the Churchlands were literally "leased out" to the courtiers like so many farms.

Let it be remarked, we are not in the least attempting

to conceal that Shakspeare was an accomplice in that great conspiracy of talent and tyranny which Dr. Newman so eloquently describes, to poison all the traditions of the age with the perversions of Protestantism. On the contrary, we are showing that he was a prime and powerful agent in that conspiracy, perhaps the most powerful; for, as we set out with saying, he was, and is, and ever will be, a popular poet; and while a Coke could pervert the laws, a Shakspeare could pervert the passions of the people, and instil into their minds prejudices which centuries could not eradicate. But what we are proving is, that those prejudices which he conceived himself under a necessity by his complicity in that conspiracy to implant, to propagate, and perpetuate, were only such as related to Rome and the Pope, and did not affect any other part of the Catholic religion,—her most sacred mysteries, her divine dogmas, or her sacramental system. And our argument is fortified by the fact, that on topics connected with the Holy See, the great poet did his utmost to awaken and deepen popular prejudices; while he never makes an allusion, or an observation, in the least tending to depart from the respect due to the Catholic doctrines or sacraments, or to any other part of the Catholic system, although ample opportunities offered themselves for his alluding to such subjects; opportunities of which, as we shall show, he systematically availed himself only to convey sentiments of the most sincere reverence and respect, and breathing much of the true Catholic spirit.

It is in perfect consistency with our theory, therefore, that we find the poet, in "*Henry VI.*," representing Cardinal Beaufort in the vilest colours, in utter and unscrupulous opposition to the truth. There can be no question that the popular impression in this country as to the pride of Roman prelates has its source in Shakspeare. No one can read this play without perceiving how powerfully all the most odious traits of overbearing ambition, unrelenting animosity, and unyielding pride, are accumulated in the portrait he draws of the cardinal. In the dispute between him and the duke, he always displays the cardinal as animated by the most bitter animosity and malice; and finally represents him as the murderer of the duke, and as dying in agonies of remorse. How false all this was, Shakspeare could hardly fail to know. The facts were then far more recent and fresh in men's minds than they are now; yet at this distance of time, one or two dates and simple truths speak forcibly as to the mendacity of these misrepresentations. The duke's death took place in 1447, some years previous to which the cardinal had retired

from court and relinquished politics; occupying himself in the duties of his diocese, where he expended vast sums in completing the cathedral and endowing the hospital of St. Cross; the Duke of Suffolk having become the royal favourite and the rival of Gloucester in those courtly scenes from which Beaufort had withdrawn. A recent Protestant writer* says: "So powerful has been the enchantment of Shakspeare's genius, that his dramatic picture of the cardinal's character is too often accepted for historical truth, without reflecting that the simple object of the bard was to enliven scenes developing political events, and to create a powerful interest in his audience by exhibiting the great action of the time in strong and exciting contrast." Poor apology this for systematic and studied mendacity; and it is hard to say whether the calumny or the apology betray the worse morality.

In regard to the character given of the prelacy of the Church, this play of "Henry VI." is very like that of "King John:"

"What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—
If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

The cardinal himself is made to say:

"Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny."

On the other hand, the duke exclaims:—

"Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat,
In spite of pope or dignities of Church,"

—the lines made use of with such exquisite good taste by Lord Truro at the City dinner already mentioned. So in Henry VIII., the great dramatist, in a similar spirit, represents Buckingham as the victim of Wolsey, without the least warrant from history; and in the teeth of history, makes the exactions of that reign the sole result of the voluntary and unauthorised rapacity of the cardinal, in opposition to the wishes of the king. Notwithstanding this, however, it is very ob-

* Foss's Lives of the Judges.

servable, that, on the whole, Shakspeare takes care to do that justice to the character of Wolsey which he withholds from Beaufort. And this is the more remarkable, because the cardinal was the great foe of Anne Boleyn, the mother of Elizabeth; and one would have supposed that Shakspeare would have been anxious to exhibit him in the worst possible light. Throughout there is a great deal that is extremely interesting in this play, in the point of view in which we are considering it. One of the most beautiful passages is that in which the poet speaks of Catherine, the mother of Mary :—

“ Of her,
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with.”

He represents Anne Boleyn as speaking of her thus :

“ Oh ! now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avault ! It is a pity
Would move a monster.”

One might suspect that the poet imagined his royal patron would easily pardon this inuendo as to the cruelty of the murderer of her mother, albeit her own father. But the manner in which he portrays Anne herself, Elizabeth's mother, is still more remarkable. He makes her say :

“ By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.”

To which he makes her *confidante* answer :

“ Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't ; and so would you,
For all the spice of your hypocrisy :
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings ; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.”

Considering that the person thus spoken to in such a tone of sarcasm was the mother of the queen reigning when Shakspeare wrote, and contrasting this with the respectful manner in which Catherine, the mother of Mary, is spoken of, on the

invalidity of whose marriage depended Elizabeth's title, our readers will admit that there is something very remarkable in this language. He makes the king speak thus of Catherine :

“ Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)
The queen of earthly queens.”

And, on the other hand, he clearly conveys his own conviction of the iniquity of the divorce and the hypocrisy of the pretence upon which it was carried by the king, whose courtiers are represented as speaking thus :

“ It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.’
‘ No ; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.’ ”

And so broadly is the hypocrisy of the king depicted, that it looks almost like burlesque :

“ Oh, my Wolsey !
The quiet of my wounded conscience.
Oh, conscience, conscience !
’Tis a tender place.”

Shakspeare represents the courtiers as ascribing the divorce to Wolsey, but he also represents the king as solemnly and publicly relieving him from that charge ; and he does enough justice to the character of the cardinal, at the close of his career, in the following lines :

“ This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.”

This eloquent eulogy speaks volumes as to Shakspeare's appreciation of the magnificent prelates whom the Catholic Church gave to this country, and who, with all their faults—even the least worthy of them—were an honour to it. And we repeat, all this is very remarkable, especially if it be supposed, as it usually is, that this play was written in the reign of Elizabeth; and contrasting it with the unscrupulous spirit in which the dignitaries of that Church are portrayed in other plays, when the scenes are laid in earlier reigns, there seems every reason to infer that it was not in those plays that Shakspeare spoke his real sentiments on the subject, but that he rather pandered to prevailing prejudices; and that in describing more recent events, he was led to express his sentiments more truly.

But was the play written in the reign of Elizabeth? Our opinion is that it was not, but at the commencement of the reign of James. Protestant critics find great difficulty in fixing the periods at which his plays were composed. But the circumstances we have suggested are not likely to have occurred to them, and appear very strongly to point to a later date than the others. At the accession of James the poet was scarcely thirty-six years of age, in the prime of his vigour; as he received a royal patent from the king directly on his accession, there is a great probability that his genius just then would be active. And the whole character of the play betokens a genius mellowed and matured. If we are right in our conjecture, it would explain the remarkable circumstances we have pointed out in the play of Henry VIII. James was, not less than Elizabeth, born and bred a Catholic; and there can be no question his predilections were in harmony with Catholicity; and, of course, he would have no particular regard for the character of Anne Boleyn, nor aversion to that of Cardinal Wolsey, nor any interest in maintaining the lawfulness of Henry's divorce, or the legitimacy of Elizabeth. So that the poet would be at perfect liberty to convey his own impressions and express his own sincere feelings; and we conceive that he has done so in the beautiful passages we have quoted.

The whole of Shakspeare's historical plays may be searched in vain for any passage reflecting upon or sneering at the religious doctrines or ceremonies of Catholicity. On the contrary, there are many passages like those in which Henry V. says:

“ I Richard's body have interrèd new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,

Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do :
Though all that I can do is nothing worth ;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon."

Here the Protestant will fail to find the least countenance to the coarse and vulgar caricatures of the Catholic doctrine as to penance, purgatory, and prayers for the dead, which now acquire ready currency. So also he speaks—

" Of conscience wash'd
As pure as sin in baptism."

So he makes the dethroned Richard thus speak to his queen, in the true spirit of penitence,

" Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house.
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down."

It is in this spirit Shakspeare always speaks of the religious life. Thus in "Measure for Measure," Isabella says,

" Hark how I'll bribe you !
Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them : but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise ; prayers for preservèd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal."

Most strongly does Shakspeare convey his deep reverence for the religious life, by putting into the mouth of Lucio, a very loose character, these expressions,

" Though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so :
I hold you as *a thing enskied and sainted ;*
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit :
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint."

In "Midsummer Night's Dream" there is a passage conceived in a similar spirit. The heroine is asked whether

" You can endure the livery of a nun ;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage :
 But *earthlier* happy is the rose distill'd,
 Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
 Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness."

The exquisite beauty of this passage is not more remarkable than its harmony with Catholic feeling; and it is to be observed that Shakspeare went rather out of his way to write it, as it was hardly necessary to descant so fully on the subject; which was evidently one he loved to dwell upon.

Again, Shakspeare always represents friars in an amiable light. In "*Much Ado about Nothing*," when Hero is sinking under her load of obloquy, and her father is quite bowed down by it, the friar's voice, meek, calm, and kind, seems to come like divine music on her ear:

"Have comfort, lady!"

We cannot wonder that the poor victim of calumny ventures to raise her head. This the poet indicates by one of the finest touches of his dramatic art:

"*Leon*. Dost thou look up?
Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?"

The friar's reply depicts a saintly charity so sweetly, that the readers and lovers of Digby (and all his readers are lovers) will remember how beautifully he introduces it as an example of the virtue. The contrast between the human and the divine is still more strongly drawn out by what follows: the father answers the friar in evident amazement at his calmness:

"Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
 Cry shame upon her?"

Yes; but the great poet designed to exhibit the face of something heavenly, of that charity which "*hopeth all things*;" and how beautifully it seems to speak in the friar's words:

"Hear me a little;
 For I have only been silent so long
 By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
 A thousand blushing apparitions start
 Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
 In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
 Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
 Which with experimental seal doth warrant
 The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
 Under some biting error."

In "Romeo and Juliet," every one is sensible of the sweetness with which Shakspeare has drawn the character of the friar, who comes on the scene with that beautiful soliloquy beginning: "The grey-eyed moon smiles on the frowning night," with which all lovers of the poet are familiar; and no one can fail to observe how appropriately his reflections take a religious turn, ending with the fine lines which express so sound a doctrine of theology:

"Two such opposèd foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant."

Upon the heated and distempered brow of Romeo calmly and sweetly falls the *benedicite* of the friar, like the fresh cool air of morning. Quite in character is the holy man's horror at the idea of guilt first crossing his mind,—a feeling which, in his usual masterly manner, the poet conveys by the hurried exclamation:

"God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?
Romeo. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.
Friar. That's my good son!"

Equally characteristic is the friar's observation on the equivocal explanation of Romeo:

"Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift."

And with great truthfulness and skill the poet makes him eager to assist Romeo;

"For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love."

The marriage-scene opens with his pious exclamation:

"So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!"

And the gentleness of his soul breathes out a chastened spirit over the transports of the young lovers, preparing the mind for the woe that is to follow. It would be impossible in fewer or more exquisite words to express the spirit of Christian elegy, than those in which he speaks the epitaph of Juliet:

"Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life."

It is in a similar spirit that Shakspeare always mentions friars, who are often introduced as confessors. Thus, in the play we have just quoted from, Juliet goes to the friar ostensibly for confession, and says,

“Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at *evening Mass*?”

an expression rather curious and not easily explainable. The count, her lover, at once understands her purpose, and asks:

“Came you to make confession to the father?”

So, in the “*Two Gentlemen of Verona*,” Silvia says to Sir Eglamour that he shall meet her

“At Friar Patrick’s cell,
Where I intend holy confession.”

And soon afterwards, in the same play, we catch another sweet glimpse of the holy fathers; the duke saying, when his daughter’s flight is mentioned,

“’Tis true, for Friar Laurence met them both
As he in penance wander’d through the forest;
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick’s cell this even.”

The argument is certainly a fair one, and not without force, that had Shakspeare been in heart a Protestant, he would not have failed to avail himself of all these opportunities, to convey (as he so well knew how) impressions repulsive, rather than so sweetly attractive, of these religious orders, and of the holy rite of confession. The more so when we remember the brutal tone of the *Homilies* of the Church of England on this and all similar subjects,—Homilies, which in Shakspeare’s lifetime were “appointed to be read in churches.” Compare with the language of those homilies, the following from Shakspeare, clearly showing that he possessed a perfectly correct appreciation of “holy confession:”

“*Friar*. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Julietta. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
Friar. I’ll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Julietta. I’ll gladly learn.”

Had the poet been imbued with the Protestant ideas of penance, he could not have given this fine and proper representation of it; he would have been sure to have put it in the odious light in which prejudice and ignorance always delight to

present it, instead of thus doing justice to it as a sacrament for the sincerely penitent.

Expressions on other subjects also are scattered throughout Shakspeare's plays, showing a sense of religion such as we can only imagine to have been implanted by the pious instructions of Catholic parents. Clarence says to his murderers:

“ I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous sins ;”

and Edward reproaches his nobles for not interceding on his brother's behalf, as they would have done for any of their vassals, who

“ Had done a drunken slaughter, or defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer.”

Hastings exclaims:

“ Oh, momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.”

Elsewhere he uses the phrases, “ as firm as faith.” These expressions are scattered here and there like pearls, with a natural and careless freedom which looks extremely like a deep-seated sense of piety.

In “ All's Well that ends Well,” Helen utters these beautiful words, which seem imbued with much of the Catholic spirit of faith, humility, and piety:

“ He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister;
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.”

Our impression is, that in the “ Winter's Tale,” under cover of a beautiful eulogy on the heathen worship of ancient Sicily—for the introduction of which there was not the slightest necessity—Shakspeare expresses his own sense of the majesty of the Mass:

“ Oh, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly,
It was i' the offering!”

This deep religious feeling in Shakspeare breaks out in his lightest and airiest scenes, as in the “ Merry Wives of Windsor,” where the fairies are addressed thus:

“ Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.”

In his most playful moods, the great poet unconsciously betrays his latent religiousness; and, unlike the Puritans, whom he satirises as "peevish in prayer," he exhibits that true secret of Catholicity, the union of pleasantry and piety.

It is plain that Shakspeare's mind was utterly antagonistic to Puritanism; it was repulsive to him; and no one more frequently or forcibly expressed his aversions. Again and again he refers sarcastically to the Puritan character, and in a tone which no one imbued with Bible-reading Protestantism could possibly adopt. Thus he makes one of his worst characters say:

"But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."

So in another play he has this passage:

"In religion,
What damned error, but *some sober brow*
Will bless it and approve it with a text;
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?"

So in the same play, Gratian, a gay, good-humoured fellow, is made to say:

"If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, *look demurely*,—
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen."

And again:

"Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come:
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

It is impossible not to see, that in these and similar passages the grim gravity and pharisaical formality of the Puritans, at that time rapidly rising in influence, is satirised. It is plain that Shakspeare's soul had an instinctive aversion to Puritanism; and that seems the same thing as saying that he had an attraction to Catholicity; for the two principles are so

essentially opposed, that a leaning to one involves a repulsion from the other.

It is in the casual coruscations of genius that we see more of its latent tendencies and real character, than in any more formal or elaborate efforts. And there is a *spirit* in the workings of genius too subtle to be seized or analysed; like those finer properties of the air which escape all detection of chemistry, and yet communicate to it either an exquisite sweetness or an oppressive deadness. It is in this subtle spirit of Shakspeare's poesy, which we cannot *catch* (so to speak) and set down in citations, that we find the main force of our argument. It is pregnant with latent Catholicity. It breathes forth, in a hundred delicate touches and indescribable beauties of feeling, the influence of Catholicity upon his soul. It is only by way of general description, rather than by selection of passages marked and quoted, that we can convey our idea of this property of his poetry, which speaks so eloquently of a Catholic education. To Catholics we can convey our meaning by saying, that we find dispersed through the marvellous creations of his genius all the sweet results of that realisation of the doctrine of the Incarnation which is the exclusive attribute of the Catholic religion.

So, again, Shakspeare's poesy is bathed in love; so that we may exclaim, in his own exquisite language:

“ Oh, spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !”

Listen to these beautiful lines :

“ Oh ! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her ! When mind, and brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections) with one sole king !”

It is no profanation to say, that this would be not unworthily applied to the all-absorbing influence on a human soul of the love of the Sacred Heart ! We say not, of course, that Shakspeare had a religious meaning present to his mind, but that he had the capacity and predisposition for religious devotion which Catholic education implants; and that he who could sing in such noble strains of human love, must have had a heart touched by love divine.

Then, again, his *tenderness for woman*. There is nothing more marked in the great poet. Who remembers not the melting pathos of the words of Viola :

“ For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women’s are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. There is no woman’s sides
Can abide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart.

Viola. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Viola. Too well what love women to men may owe.
My father had a daughter lov’d a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.”

We need scarcely quote the exquisite passage that follows, which every reader of Shakspeare knows by heart; yet the temptation to quote is irresistible:

“ *Duke.* And what’s her history?

Viola. A blank my lord.
She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i’ the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.”

We must stop, however, or we could go on for ever. We know not what our readers may think of our argument; but we are sure that they will pardon us any failure in reasoning for the sake of the object we have had in view, viz. to award to Catholicism, what we believe to be its due, the credit of having nursed the genius and filled the mighty soul of Shakspeare.

SUFFERINGS OF THE ENGLISH NUNS DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE following narratives need no introduction to recommend them to the interest of all our readers. The general substance of them has been already made public in the *Notices of the English Colleges and Convents established on the Continent*, by the Hon. E. Petre, and edited by the Very Rev. F. C. Husenbeth. But as the more immediate object of that publication seems to have been to give some account of the *foundation* of these religious houses, it does not contain all the particulars which have been preserved respecting their dissolution, or rather, their return from the continent to their own native land. The following pages, therefore, furnishing a supplement to the work referred to, will be an acceptable boon to all who are interested (and what English Catholic is not?) in

every detail, however trifling, of the history of those religious ladies to whom the Catholic faith in this country and in our own times is so deeply indebted.

THE DOMINICANESSES OF BRUSSELS, NOW OF ATHERSTONE IN
WARWICKSHIRE.

The first entry of the French into Brussels was in the beginning of November 1792. During the time of their stay there, the community of English Dominicanesses was kept in a state of continual alarm. One day a body of soldiers came to the convent at a late hour of the evening, and demanded lodgings, which the religious were obliged to provide, as well as food. These unwelcome visitors quartered themselves upon them for three or four days, during which time an English gentleman in the town of the name of Martin, a great friend to the community, came regularly every night to see that all the soldiers' lights were put out, and that all was safe.

On the 6th of March, 1793, at about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, a number of the French soldiers, with their officers, again demanded admission into the convent. They first applied to the Rev. Mr. Brittain for this purpose; and on his refusal, pointed their bayonets at him with so threatening an aspect, that he was obliged to fly for his life. They then rang the house-bell, and commanded the enclosure-door to be opened. The nun who answered the summons did not know the French language, and being in ignorance of the nature of their demand, she answered, *Oui, oui*; but at the same time ran off to the Superioress. During her absence, the soldiers, impatient of delay, broke down the staves of the turn with the butt-end of their muskets, and so entered the house, to the dismay of its peaceful inhabitants. One of the officers asked for the Superioress; but as she did not make her appearance, the troop dispersed themselves over the building, visiting all the nuns' cells; and when they found nothing there which suited their purpose, they proceeded into the church. Here two or three of the officers went into the sanctuary; and one of them impiously took the Blessed Sacrament out of the tabernacle. The gardener, who was also the sacristan, went to take the ciborium out of his hand, in order to carry it to the nuns, two of whom were ready at the grate, holding a corporal to receive it. The officer, however, bade the poor fellow take himself off, for that he had no more right to touch it than himself. He then called for a mundatory, and taking off his hat, he emptied the ciborium, pouring the consecrated

Hosts into the corporal. He then wiped out the ciborium very carefully; and having struck it with the key of the tabernacle, threw it on the ground, saying, "Now it is profaned;" upon which the rest of the crew who were in the church immediately set up an infernal shout of joy. They next went to the sacristy, where they found a chalice, paten, a pair of silver candlesticks and silver cruets, which was all the plate they had reserved for daily use, the rest having been long since sent for security to the care of a friend in the town. Their next visit was to the refectory, where they ransacked the drawers in which were kept the nuns' stores of tea, sugar, chocolate, &c.; and this they began to eat, and the remainder they put in their pockets. From hence they passed on to the apartments of the confessor; but all that was of any value here had been secreted before, and they found nothing but a silver spoon, which one of the soldiers stuck in the front of his cap. Thence to the choir, where they carried off the nuns' veils and mantles, protesting that they would make cravats and waistcoats of them.

Having thus taken possession of all they could find, they re-assembled together, and one of the officers read aloud a certain paper, which he said contained the warrant they had for what they had done; after which they went off, to the great relief of the poor distressed religious. It should be mentioned, however, that the behaviour both of the officers and their men during their stay in the convent was to a certain degree respectful. The very next day the nuns received a message, bidding them send some one to claim their property; for that the soldiers who had plundered them, having got intelligence that the Austrians were at their heels, had taken to flight, and left their booty behind them. Accordingly, Mr. Brittain went, and recovered all the church plate, though sadly battered and injured.

During several months after this visitation, they were only harassed by daily reports that the French were about to return; many of them, indeed, had never left the town. In the spring of 1794, they flattered themselves that at length they should enjoy some little tranquillity; for, the emperor having been crowned in Brussels on the 23d of April, all seemed to promise peace and security. Nevertheless, these hopes soon vanished; within a fortnight afterwards the French were ravaging the country, and making daily advances towards the town, whose inhabitants were immediately thrown into dreadful consternation, expecting nothing but total destruction; for if the French had done so much harm in their first visit, when they pretended to come as friends, what might not be expected, now that they were coming as conquering enemies? The

friends of the community were very urgent that the nuns should provide for their safety. They were in hopes, however, that things might take a favourable turn, and could not resolve to make preparations for leaving their beloved retreat; till they were at length compelled, by the entreaties of their friends, to begin to pack up what might be most useful, as church-stuff, linen, &c.; in order that, should any sudden emergency oblige them to fly, they might not be altogether unprovided.

On the evening of Saturday, the 21st of June, Mr. Brittain informed them that they must now absolutely prepare to fly; for that they could not possibly remain any longer, the enemy being close at hand. With heavy hearts they set to work all that night, packing up as much as they could get together. Poor Mr. Brittain was in such a state of agitation that he could not say Mass in the morning, and they were obliged to get a Dutch Dominican to come and say Mass in his stead at a very early hour. It was proposed that the nuns should go for the present to the fathers of their own order at Bornheim, about twenty miles from Brussels; and that they should wait there to see if there was any chance of their being able to return. Only two vehicles could be procured, and these at an immense price; and they were, of course, appropriated to the use of the sick and aged. The rest were obliged to walk, with Mr. Brittain accompanying them, under a burning sun, and ankle-deep in hot sand. They had prepared some provisions for their support on the way; but these they were obliged to leave behind, together with a great quantity of luggage, because there were no means of conveyance; and this property they never recovered.

When the moment of their departure had arrived, the scene was most distressing: many of the poor nuns were obliged to be dragged out by force, so unwilling were they to pass beyond the enclosure-gate of their holy sanctuary. The arrival at Bornheim of those nuns who went in the two conveyances threw the good fathers there into the greatest alarm and trouble; for though they were well aware that affairs were going on but badly, yet they had still entertained some hopes until they saw these poor creatures demanding protection. Mr. Brittain and his exhausted companions arrived at the college about eleven o'clock at night, and remained there till the evening of the 24th; when they were obliged to decamp again, with several of the Dominican Fathers, in two small vessels to Antwerp. Here they stayed till the 26th, sleeping on mattresses laid on the brick-floors for want of beds, and in many ways suffering great privations; more especially

because the people took every advantage of their forlorn condition, by making them pay an exorbitant price for every thing they wanted, &c.

From Antwerp they were again obliged to fly at night in two little vessels to Rotterdam, which they happily reached on the evening of the Feast of Saints Peter and Paul, after having had a narrow escape of death by drowning. They owed their preservation, under God, to the wakefulness of two of the religious, who perceived by the strange motion of the vessel that something was amiss, and gave the alarm. It was discovered that they had sprung a considerable leak; all hands were immediately ordered to the pump, and, by the blessing of God, the vessel began to rise: a few moments later would have buried them in a watery grave. As it was, the scene was sufficiently terrific; the night was dismally dark, not a ray of light but what proceeded from vivid flashes of lightning; and this enabled the sailors to see what they were about, and so to work at the pump as to save their lives. The alarm of the captain, fearing lest he should lose all his property, and of the sailors lest they should lose their lives, all contributed to render this episode in the sufferings of the religious as painful as any that had preceded it.

They remained at Rotterdam ten days: several of the English communities had arrived there before them, and during their stay they were joined by others. Most of these set off for England immediately, but the poor Dominicanesses knew not where to go nor whither to turn. After much deliberation, they at length resolved to go to England: but then the difficulty arose how they were to get there, for there was no vessel at hand fit to convey them. However, a captain of an American ship, who wanted ballast, hearing of their distress, agreed to take them over for a hundred pounds. They gladly accepted the offer, though it was a most miserable boat, destitute of every convenience. One of the community was in a dying state from consumption, and they feared lest she should scarcely reach England alive. The captain humanely gave up his cabin for her use during the voyage; but he charged six guineas extra for this when they landed. They were obliged to sail cautiously; keeping as near the coast as they could, to avoid both the attacks of the enemy and the press-gang. Many were the alarms they had to encounter. They were fired upon by various vessels which passed them; and at one time there seemed some danger of their being sunk, if one of the nuns, roused by the stupidity or indifference of the captain, had not hoisted the English flag, and so suspended the attack. At length, thanks be to God,

they escaped all danger, and arrived safe in the river Thames on the 16th of July, 1794.

The Provincial, who was at this period in England, hearing that the community had left Brussels and were returning to their native soil, had provided a house for them in Seymour Street, Portman Square, where they remained seven weeks, paying for their lodgings at the rate of three guineas a week. Their store of money, however, was soon exhausted; and having no means of support, they feared that they should be no longer able to keep together, when a generous offer was made to them of Hartpury Court, an ancient mansion of the Berkeley family, near Gloucester, which was joyfully accepted. There they remained for forty-five years; until, in 1839, they removed to their present home, built expressly for themselves, the Convent of the Rosary, at Atherstone in Warwickshire.

THE CANONESSES OF ST. AUSTIN AT LOUVAIN, NOW AT SPETIS-
BURY HOUSE, DORSETSHIRE.

The monastery of Augustinian nuns in Louvain was of course affected by the progress of events in the French Revolution, much in the same way as that of the Dominicans at Brussels. Their chronicles record, that from the year 1788 they found great changes taking place in Brabant, and suffered many inconveniences; but that they received no personal molestation until December 1790, when the imperial troops entered the town, and they were obliged to keep a guard constantly until April 1791, by which time matters had become more settled. November 16, 1792, the French took the town, the Austrian troops retiring, doing much injury to the countries they passed through. "The French came in like lambs, and boasted they would be our protectors; but soon showed themselves to be very wolves. Several officers came into our enclosure, and put seals on some of the rooms, and took inventories of our linen and whatever church plate they could find. This, however, only lasted for a few days; and by representations made in our behalf by some powerful friends, we were soon set at liberty. We were obliged, however, always to have a guard, and felt the necessity of being always prepared for a coming storm. We had often thirty and thirty-six French soldiers sent to us, to lodge and feed for twenty-four hours; to do them justice, however, it must be confessed that they behaved well, and were contented with a low room in the out-quarters. The 21st March, 1793, the Austrian troops again entered; and we were then

very quiet, and dismissed the guards, which had been a very expensive burden.

“ From May 1794 we again feared the French; and were from the best information apprised of our imminent danger, and assured that we should certainly be obliged to fly.

“ It is a remarkable fact, that our reverend mother (Mary Benedict Stonor) had always felt a full persuasion that she should live to see the community and all the English convents settled in England. On taking leave of her sister, Mrs. Carey, in the year 1788—then returning to England—she told her she should expect to see her in that country. Again, in 1789 and 1790, when the English Carmelites were going to Maryland, she often spoke of our return to England, which at that time was never dreamt of by any body but herself. From the year 1790 she had many causes of uneasiness, from which she took occasion constantly to speak to us with great solicitude for our security; preparing us for the worst, exhorting us to union and concord; above all, to remain together; by which means we should be protected by a sweet Providence. The servants, tradespeople, and even the poor who partook of our liberality, became insolent and bold. Twice during the year 1792 our out-house was robbed of beds, bedding, wood, coals, linen, &c. The succeeding year there were parties of patriots in the town, and an open rebellion; so that we were obliged to remove the tabernacle, lamps, &c. from the church, and substitute others of a meaner quality, to the great grief of our reverend mother. Another annoyance to which we were subjected was the making us ring our bells and illuminate our street windows, to join in their rejoicing at deeds which were in our estimation great crimes,—such as arresting good priests and others, and banishing them; our dear neighbouring monasteries, the poor Clares, Annonciades, &c. suppressed, and turned out of their peaceful asylums before our eyes, &c. Oh! how heavy-hearted was our dear mother at such injustices; and seeing our own turn at no great distance, her constant advice was: ‘Keep together, and submit to the adorable will of God.’ She was much agitated, however, and uncertain how to act under existing circumstances; nevertheless, she confided that we should all do our duty, and that our reverend fathers would do all they could for the best.

“ At length, early on the morning of Sunday, June 21st, a friend informed us that we were no longer safe, and urged the necessity of instant preparation for flight. All hands were immediately employed in the sad duty, and all hearts united in bearing each other’s burdens. Our dear reverend mother and our sub-prioress, and others who were unable to labour

and contrive, performed the part of Marys, by praying at the foot of the altar for the rest, who were engaged in the active employments of Martha. We had been cheered by a timely invitation from Bishop Douglas to come and take possession of his house in Hammersmith; nevertheless, it was a mournful task to prepare for leaving those walls, which had been for nearly 200 years our rampart of defence against the world, and the seat of our happiness.

“ Our reverend fathers did all they could to help us to procure conveyances for fifty persons—for this was our number. Besides the community and the young ladies under our charge whose parents lived at a distance, the Rev. Tichburn Blount, Rev. Father Williams (Prior of the English Carthusians of Newport), and an Irish ex-president, were living in our house; and being all old and infirm, desired to remain with us till our arrival in England; which we could not refuse. Not a box, nor a trunk, nor even a basket could be bought; for every one that could remove was also preparing. Three wagons, however, were secured; and at length the fatal day arrived. We quitted our monastery with unutterable grief on Saturday morning the 28th June, 1794, at three o'clock. We arrived at Mechlin; and after some rest and refreshment proceeded to Lierze, where we were most kindly received by the good Teresians, who were themselves preparing to depart. They showed us every attention, and took into their convent as many as they could; the rest they sent to a convent in the neighbourhood, and got lodgings at an inn for the gentlemen and our two servants. The next day, the 29th, after hearing Mass, we proceeded to Hoogstraet. A long fatiguing journey: the weather and dust of the roads were dreadful. We were received at seven o'clock at night by another community of those charitable ladies, the Teresians, and overpowered by their kindness. They accommodated as many as they could; the rest were disposed of in different houses; for the good people came out, calling aloud, ‘ We will lodge six,’ or ‘ we will lodge eight;’ so that we were soon taken care of, and beds and supper provided. The good Teresians were at the time actually preparing with heavy hearts for their own departure.

“ It was worthy of remark, that there were four Superiors at supper in the refectory that evening. Our own from Louvain, one from Lierze, a third from Valenciennes, and the fourth of the Teresians of Hoogstraet. Next day, 30th June, we proceeded to Breda, a fine town; and the inhabitants behaved to us beyond all praise, striving who could show us the greatest attention; not allowing any of us to go to inns, but calling aloud, ‘ Come six to my house; come ten,’ &c.; so that

within a quarter of an hour we were all disposed of, and the good mynheers and their families exulting in their prizes. The wagons were unloaded, and returned to Louvain. The hospitable inhabitants insisted on our remaining a day to rest. July 2d, we took a barge for Rotterdam; and at a small landing-place on the way were most generously entertained by the curate of Torleyden. At Rotterdam we took the whole inn, and received great civilities from many of the inhabitants; especially from Mr. Williams, a Protestant minister, who showed us much kindness, and very generously made us a handsome present. This had likewise been done by the black sisters at Lierze, and by several burghers of Hoogstraet. Wind and weather obliged us to remain at Rotterdam for eight days. Meanwhile we hired a ship, the *Flora*, Captain Shepherd, who undertook to land us safely for 100*l.*; which effectually he did on the morning of July 17th, after eight days' sail. Next day we went up the water to Hammersmith, in a most piteous plight. We were received by the Right Rev. Dr. Douglas, and by many friends and relatives of the community, with all the tenderness our situation claimed.

“Mrs. Carey, sister to our Reverend mother, Mrs. Tunstall, widow of Marmaduke Tunstall, Esq. of Wycliffe, and others too numerous to detail, proved our steady friends and benefactors.

“We remained at the house of the venerable prelate for six months; but owing to its situation, the necessity of its being a public chapel, and some other especial inconveniences, particularly that of not being allowed to say our office in the chapel, or to sing our Masses,—the choir being one of our principal objects,—we determined on removing. We hired the Abbey House of Amesbury in Wiltshire; where we arrived safely, by four at a time, the last day of the year 1794. Owing to the exertions of a friend, we found every thing ready on our arrival; and to our great joy and contentment, on the 1st of January, 1795, we began the same way of life we had led at Louvain, resuming our Singing Masses, Office, &c.” Five years later they purchased the house which they still occupy, Spetisbury House, Dorsetshire; where “we began our duties and ancient way of living on Christmas Day, 1800, to the honour and glory of God.”

Reviews.

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A Relation, or rather a true Account, of the Island of England ; with sundry Particulars of the Customs of these People, and of the Royal Revenues under King Henry VII., about the year 1500. Translated from the Italian, with Notes, by C.A. Sneyd. London: Printed for the Camden Society.

It is always both instructive and interesting to read an account of one's own country, written by an intelligent and impartial stranger; and the fact that the present "Relation" does not belong to our own times, but to a period of our history from which we are separated by more than three centuries and a half, is far from diminishing either its value or its interest. Indeed, we wish that we had many more such "Relations" belonging to the same date, and that they were more full of gossiping details than the one before us. They might be of incalculable service, in throwing light upon our domestic history precisely at that period when such information is at once most valuable and most scanty.

It is not known with certainty who was the author of this particular history. From internal evidence, however, it is clear that it is the work of some noble Venetian, who accompanied (probably in the capacity of secretary) an ambassador from Venice to the court of England at the end of the fifteenth century. From one or two circumstances which are incidentally mentioned, the editor conjectures, not without reason, that the author was in England during the winter of 1496-97; and this relation was evidently written as the report to be made to the senate by the ambassador on his return from his mission. It was the custom of the Venetian senate always to require from every ambassador a report of the country to which he had been sent; and some of these reports, or abridgments of them, belonging to our own country, have been occasionally published; others also are known to exist in foreign libraries, or in private collections of Mss. We believe, however, that this is the first which has been printed in so complete a form: the original Italian, accompanied by a translation, and numerous illustrative notes.

We have already had occasion to express our opinion of the merits of the translation, that it is far from being perfect. The disadvantages of this, however, are materially diminished by the publication of the original at the foot of the page; so

that in the following extracts we have sometimes followed the published translation, and sometimes brought it into a closer agreement with the original Italian.

Our author begins with a general description of the island—its situation, its size; with reference to which he observes, that it is difficult to gain any accurate information, as the old authors differ considerably, and “the islanders of our day do not care to understand such matters:” its climate, which is described as very healthy and of equal temperature, with abundance of rain, “which falls almost every day during the months of June, July, and August,” and no spring; and its productions, animal, vegetable, mineral. Among the vegetable productions, we may observe that the olive and the orange, the beech and the fir, are excepted; and that the vine is specified as being present, though in limited quantities,—our author expressly mentioning that he had tasted ripe grapes gathered from one, and that even wine was made in the southern parts, though he believed it was rather harsh. A great abundance of excellent wines, he says, was imported; but “the common people make two beverages from wheat, barley, and oats, one of which is called beer, and the other ale; and these liquors are much liked by them; nor are they disliked by foreigners, after they have drunk them four or five times: they are most agreeable to the palate when a person is by some chance rather heated.” In another place he tells us, that the national taste for beer and ale was so strong, that “at an entertainment, where there is plenty of wine, they will drink them in preference to it, and in great quantities. Like discreet people, however, they do not offer them to Italians, unless they should ask for them.” In the animal world, our Venetian secretary was most struck by the “quantity of salmon, a most delicate fish, which they seem to hold in great estimation;” and “the beautiful sight of one or two thousand tame swans upon the river Thames, which are eaten by the English like ducks and geese.”

It is, however, his account of the manners and customs of the people, and his estimate of their character, in which we are most interested; and, singularly enough, the very first remark which he makes upon this subject is precisely that which continues to our own day to be so pre-eminently the characteristic of John Bull:

“*The English*,” he says, “are great lovers of themselves, and of every thing belonging to them; they have an antipathy to foreigners; they think that there are no other men than themselves, and no other world but England; and whenever they see a handsome foreigner, they say that ‘he looks like an Englishman,’ and that ‘it is a great

pity that he should not be an Englishman;’ and when they partake of any delicacy with a foreigner, they ask him, ‘whether such a thing is made in *their* country?’ ”

We could have imagined that these words were penned by some modern Frenchman or Italian, irritated beyond endurance by the tone of assumption and self-conceit which so many of our countrymen and women take no pains to conceal in their intercourse with foreigners in a foreign land; and we have often been disposed to attribute it, in part at least, to the unhappy religious isolation of our compatriots. Cut off from the rest of Christendom by a form of heresy peculiarly their own, which is shared by no other people under heaven, it has always seemed a natural consequence of such a position, that English Protestants should carry with them their own national habits as the great standard by which all men were to be judged; and from which every variation was a fault, grave in proportion to the degree of difference which it exhibited. Herodotus tells us of the ancient Persians, that next to themselves they honoured above all men those who lived nearest to them; and those occupied the second place of honour who lived at the next interval of distance beyond them: and so they go on, he says, honouring the various nations according to this proportion, and holding those in the lowest estimation of all who live at the greatest distance from them; “for they think themselves to be in every respect by far the most excellent of mankind, and that other men have a share in excellence only according to the scale that has just been mentioned; and that those who are most remote are the vilest of all.” Just so an Englishman seems to judge of the world at the present day; only he takes a religious, or still more frequently a political, centre, instead of a geographical one. The relative merits of nations he is wont to estimate according to the approximation of their religion to that form of Episcopalian Protestantism embodied in “the venerable establishment,” or according to the degree of similarity in their form of government to our own “admirable and glorious constitution.” “The government and religion of a foreign country,” it has been well observed, with reference to the published travels of most English tourists, “are two very convenient pack-horses for the traveller. They trot along the road with him, carrying all that he cannot otherwise conveniently dispose of; and the prejudices of his readers prevent any doubt of the burden being laid upon the right beast.”

It appears, however, from the testimony of this Venetian, that even at a period when England was not yet disunited from the great Christian brotherhood, and when certainly her

form of government did not differ so widely as it now does from those generally prevailing upon the continent, an Englishman was still his own *beau-ideal* of a man, his *αὐτο-άνθρωπος*; and that not only in his moral and intellectual character and in his worldly possessions, but also in his outward form. On this last point we do not think that an Englishman at the present day would be disposed perhaps to make the same pretensions as in days of old; but then, we doubt also whether a foreigner coming among us would find cause to make the same observation as we read in these pages, that "the English are, for the most part, both men and women of all ages, handsome and well-proportioned; though not quite so much so," he adds, "in my opinion, as it had been asserted to me, before your magnificence went to that kingdom; and I have understood from persons acquainted with these countries, that the Scotch are much handsomer." Upon all other points, however, we think it cannot be denied that the habit of self-complacency noted by our author has grown deeper and more intense in the national character since the days of the Reformation; and though English Catholics ought certainly to find, in the circumstances of their position, a most powerful corrective against it, we are afraid that they are far from being able, as a body, to repudiate all participation in this failing of their Protestant neighbours. Certain comparisons, which we sometimes hear, between Catholicity as exhibited in this country and the same religion as it is to be seen in France, Belgium, or Italy, are clear indications of the same temper of mind.

Nor is this the only feature in our national character which the reader of this "True Account" cannot fail to recognise as still existing amongst us in undiminished force. That love for banqueting which distinguished our Saxon forefathers, whilst yet Pagans in their German forests, and which in the seventh century induced St. Gregory to allow St. Austin's converts to kill sheep and oxen on all the principal Church festivals, just as they had been used to do on the feasts of their idols, did not escape the observation of this Venetian envoy, but was duly noted in his chronicle:

"They take great pleasure in having a quantity of excellent victuals, and also in remaining a long time at table; . . . they think that no greater honour can be conferred or received than to invite others to eat with them, or to be invited themselves; and they would sooner give five or six ducats to provide an entertainment for a person, than a groat to assist him in any distress. . . . They have a very high reputation in arms; and from the great fear the French entertain of them, one must believe it to be justly acquired.

But I have it on the best information, that when the war is raging most furiously they will seek for good eating and all their other comforts, without thinking of what harm might befall them."

It is most amusing to see an Englishman's veneration for a dinner-party, and for those who give such entertainments, thus solemnly recorded for the edification of the Venetian senate three hundred and fifty years ago. But we have been still more struck ourselves by those few words which we have printed in italics. They might almost suggest a suspicion that the worthy ambassador and his suite had assisted at some "charitable entertainment;" some dinner with "*Tickets, one guinea each; wine not included,*" given for the benefit of the County Infirmary, or for the widows and orphans of those who died in the cholera, or for the distressed needlewomen, and the like. It really looks as if our Saxon love of feeding had, even in those ancient days, had some secret but close connection with the loosening of our purse-strings; as if it had been necessary in the days of Henry VII., as in those of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, to feed men well, and give them a taste of claret and champagne at an "annual dinner," in order to open their hearts and make them "subscribe to a charity."

It must be allowed, that our author witnessed some of the most perfect specimens of English banqueting that are ever to be seen; for he was present at the Lord Mayor's feast, given on the occasion of his entering upon office, which "lasted four hours or more; and I am of opinion that there must have been 1000 or more persons at table." He was also present at a no less magnificent banquet,

"Given when two other officers, named sheriffs [*seriphi* in the original], were appointed. At this feast I observed the infinite profusion of victuals, and of plate, which was for the most part gilt; and, amongst other things, I noticed how punctiliously they sat in their order, and the extraordinary silence of every one; insomuch that I could have imagined it one of those public repasts of the Lacedæmonians that I have read of." Elsewhere he speaks of "the English being great epicures, indulging in the most delicate fare themselves, but giving their household the coarsest bread and beer, and cold meat baked on Sundays for the week; which, however, they allow them in great abundance." . . . "They are also very sparing of wine when they drink it at their own expense; and this, it is said, they do in order to induce their other English guests to drink wine in moderation also, not considering it any inconvenience [it should have been translated 'not unbecoming'] for three or four persons to drink out of the same cup. Few people keep wine in their own houses, but buy it, for the most part, at a tavern;

and when they mean to drink a great deal they go to the tavern; and this is done, not only by the men, but by ladies of distinction."

But enough of this truly Saxon theme; let us turn now to our author's view on another subject, the great pride and boast of Englishmen, "the palladium of British liberty," &c. &c.—trial by jury.

"It is the easiest thing in the world," he says, "to get a person thrown into prison in this country; for every officer of justice, both civil and criminal, has the power of arresting any one at the request of a private individual; and the accused person cannot be liberated without giving security, unless he be acquitted by the judgment of twelve men. . . . For proceedings are not carried on in this country by the deposition of any one, nor by writing, but by the opinion of men, both in criminal and civil causes. If any one should claim a certain sum from another, and the debtor denies it, the civil judge would order that each of them should make choice of six arbitrators; and when the twelve are elected, the case they are to judge is propounded to them: after they have heard both parties, they are shut up in a room, without food or fire, or means of sitting down; and there they remain till the greater number have agreed upon their common verdict. But before it is pronounced, each of them endeavours to defend the cause of him who named him, whether just or unjust; and those who cannot bear the discomfort yield to the more determined, for the sake of getting out sooner. And therefore the Italian merchants are gainers by this bad custom, every time that they have a dispute with the English; for although the native arbitrators chosen by the English may have made a very hearty meal before they are shut up, and may be very anxious to support the cause of their principal, yet they cannot stand out as the Italians can, who are accustomed to fasting and privations; so that the final judgment is generally given in favour of the latter. This practice extends also to criminal causes."

Some other scattered notices might be collected from these pages, on interesting features in the national character; such, for instance, as our traditional Conservatism—"If the king should propose to change any old established rule, it would seem to every Englishman as if his life was taken from him;"—our fondness for display—"the titled nobility keep a very great retinue in their houses, which is a thing the English delight in beyond measure," &c. &c. We will not multiply quotations, however, on these and kindred subjects, but devote such space as remains to us to that most interesting and important of all topics, the state of morality and religion in the country at the time this relation was written. It is much to be regretted that our author should nowhere have entered into fuller details on this subject. It is clear that he was a

man of the world, and no ecclesiastic, or he could not fail to have given more minute information. As it is, however, his notices, though slight, are not unimportant. He bears testimony to the learning of the clergy, at least as compared with that of the rest of the inhabitants; for, after speaking of all the people as gifted with good understandings and quick at every thing they apply their minds to, he observes that “few, *except the clergy*, attend to the study of letters; and this is the reason why any one who has learning, though he may be a layman, is called by them *a clerk*.” But the one chief note in the position of the clergy which seems to have arrested his attention, and on which he insists at considerable length, is their great wealth and political power.

“The condition of the lords spiritual in this country is very superior,” he says, “to that of the lords temporal; for besides their own lands, they possess the actual tenth of all the produce of the earth, and of every animal; and every householder pays the tithe of every thing to the Church, besides the third part of every inheritance. [He had already mentioned that, on the death of any master of a house, by the ancient custom of the country, the inheritance is divided into three parts; one for the church and expenses of the funeral, another for the wife, and the third for the children.] Nor is the saying that is so common in this country without cause—‘that the priests are one of the three happy generations of the world.’ . . . The number of religious houses in England, both of men and women, is very great; and the larger part are of royal foundation. Nor can I omit to mention in this place, that in the Diocese of Bath there are two monasteries not more than twelve miles apart; the one for men, called Glastonbury, and the other for women, called Shaftesbury, both of the order of St. Benedict; the abbot of the former has a revenue of more than 20,000 crowns, and the abbess of the latter has more than 10,000; and there is a saying among the English, that ‘the finest match that could be made in all England would be between that abbot and abbess.’ . . . I believe the English priests could not possibly desire any thing better than what they have, were it not that they are obliged to assist the crown in time of war, and also to maintain a number of poor gentlemen, who are left beggars in consequence of the inheritance devolving upon the eldest son. And if the prelates were to decline bearing this expense, they would be considered infamous; and I do not think that they would be safe, not even in their own churches.’”

In another place it is mentioned that “abbeyes founded by the crown are obliged to defray the expenses of one, two, or three gentlemen, and as many horses, with their keep, at the pleasure of his majesty. Because, whenever the king wishes to bestow an easy life upon any of his servants, he makes some one of these monasteries pay his expenses.

“There is not a parish church in the kingdom so mean as not to

possess crucifixes, candlesticks, thuribles, basins and cups of silver; nor is there a convent of mendicant-friars so poor, as not to have all these same articles in silver, besides many other ornaments in the same metal, fit for a cathedral church. You may imagine, therefore, what the decorations of those extremely rich Benedictine, Carthusian, and Cistercian monasteries must be. These are, indeed, more like baronial palaces than religious houses, as you may have perceived at that of St. Thomas of Canterbury."

With regard to this last particular—the riches of silver and gold displayed in ecclesiastical furniture—it would have been strange and unbecoming indeed had it been otherwise, at a time when, according to the same authority, "there was no small innkeeper, however poor and humble he might be, who did not serve his table with silver dishes and drinking-cups; and no one who had not in his house silver plate to the amount of at least 100*l.* sterling, was considered by the English to be a person of any consequence at all." We are reminded in a note to this passage, that Polydore Virgil, who was in England about the same time, corroborates this statement: "There are few," he says, "whose tables are not daily provided with spoons, cups, and a salt-cellar of silver." Stowe also tells us, that at the marriage-feast of Prince Arthur, held in the palace of the Bishop of London, "there was in the great hall a cupboard of five stages in height, the which was set in plate valued at 12,000*l.*, the which was never moved all that day; and in the other chamber, where the princess dined, was a cupboard of gold plate, garnished with stores and pearls, valued above 20,000*l.*" A few years later, the display of plate at the entertainment given at Hampton Court by Cardinal Wolsey to the French Ambassadors and their suite was still more astonishing, and sounds almost fabulous. Cupboards extended along the whole length of the two banqueting-rooms, which were large enough to accommodate 280 guests; and these cupboards were piled to the top with plate; and every guest-chamber—for the whole number were lodged there—had "a bason and ewer of silver, a great livery-pot of silver, and some gilt; yea, and some chambers had two livery-pots, with wine and beer; a silver candlestick, having in it two sizes; yet the cupboards in the banqueting-rooms were never touched." When there was such a profusion of plate in the houses of private individuals, it certainly argued no unbecoming wealth in the hands of ecclesiastics, that they should have had all the sacred vessels for the office of the altar in the same precious metal; rather, as we have said, it would have been a disgrace to the country, and proclaimed a great want of faith or coldness of devotion, had it been otherwise. And

our author does not pretend to make this a ground of complaint against the clergy; neither does he any where insinuate a word to their discredit in connection with this subject. What he chiefly complains of, and seems to consider too inordinate, was their political power and influence; the privileges of the numerous sanctuaries, and what is commonly known in history as the benefit of clergy. At the same time, it should not be forgotten that he expressly acknowledges that they were the only body in the country who could be called literate, and that even the right of sanctuary was a good and excellent thing in itself, much abused. His remarks on this subject are too curious and important to be omitted.

“There are three estates in England, the popular, the military, and the ecclesiastical. The people are held in little more esteem than if they were mere slaves. The military branch serves in time of war to bring together troops. But a number of priests have the main sway over the country, both in peace and in war. Amongst other things, these priests have provided that many places in the kingdom should be sacred as places of refuge, and for the escape of all delinquents. Even though a man may have practised against the crown, or the very person of the king, yet he cannot be removed from these places by force. It often happens that some villain who has taken refuge in one of the sacred places for some terrible offence, goes out of it again and again to commit new violence in the highway, and then, returning to it, becomes secured also against all punishments for these new crimes. . . . Every church is a sanctuary for forty days; and if a thief or a murderer, who has taken refuge in one, cannot escape in security within this time, at the end of it he declares his intention to leave England. In this case, being stripped to the shirt by the chief magistrate of the place, he is conducted along the road, holding a crucifix in his hand, until he comes to the sea, where, if he finds a passage, he goes with a ‘God speed you;’ but if he does not find a passage, he walks into the sea up to the throat, and three times asks for a passage; and this is repeated until a ship comes, in which he departs in safety. It is amusing enough to hear on these occasions how the women and children lament over the misfortune of these exiles, asking how the poor wretch is to live out of England; adding, too, that he had better have died than go out of the world; as though England were the whole world.

“In another way, also, the priests are the occasion of crimes; for they have usurped a privilege that no thief, nor even a murderer, shall suffer by the hands of justice, if he is able to read. When, therefore, any one is condemned to death by the verdict of the twelve men, if he knows how to read, he demands to defend himself by the book; then they bring him a psalter or a missal, or some other ecclesiastical book; and if he shows that he is able to read, he is liberated from the power of the law, and handed over as a clerk into the hands of the bishop.”

These are really the gravest offences which we find charged in the present "Relation" against the Catholic clergy of England at the close of the fifteenth century, and it must be allowed that they are offences on the side of mercy and of encouragement of learning; two faults which are not the usual subjects of declamations on the part of the traducers of the ancient faith. With regard to the state of the English *people*, the notices of their moral and religious condition are extremely scanty. The following passages contain, we believe, every thing which these pages afford us of information on this subject:

"There is no country in the world where there are so many thieves and robbers as in England; insomuch that few venture to go alone in the country, except in the middle of the day, and fewer still in the towns at night, and least of all in London;" and he attributes this prevalence of crime to the facility of escape afforded by the right of sanctuary that has been before mentioned.

"The dispositions of the people are very licentious, yet I have never noticed any one, either in court or among the lower orders, to be in love; whence one must necessarily conclude, either that the English are the most discreet lovers in the world, or that they are incapable of love. I say this of the men; for I understand it is quite the contrary with the women, who are very violent in their passions. Howbeit the English keep a very jealous guard over the women of their household; though any thing may be compensated in the end by the power of money.

"They all hear Mass every day, and say many Paternosters in public, the women carrying long rosaries in their hands; and whoever is at all able to read carries with him the Office of our Lady; and they recite it in church with some companion in a low voice, verse by verse, after the manner of religious; they always hear Mass on Sundays in their parish church, and give liberal alms; for they may not give less than a *denario*,* fourteen of which go to a golden ducat. Nor do they omit any token of a good Christian. There are many, however, who have various opinions concerning religion."

In these last words is doubtless a clue, to a certain extent, to the success of the Reformation in the next century. Altogether, however, the particulars which this "Relation" contains are far too scanty to furnish a sufficient basis for any trustworthy theory on so large a subject. We only present

* We do not know the exact value of this coin; but by a bull of Pope Nicholas V. in 1453, it was ordered that every householder who was rated at 10s. per annum, should pay one farthing at the offertory in Church. He who was rated at 20s. should pay a half-penny, and so on, increasing at the rate of a farthing for every 10s. The usual Sunday offering (it is said) of the higher orders varied from a penny to a groat; that of the king was always six shillings and eightpence.

them to our readers as an interesting contribution towards enabling them to form a more accurate idea of that epoch, which we think has never been sufficiently studied either by Protestant or Catholic writers. The one class are content to refer every thing to the supposed corruption of the clergy, and the other to the violence and intrigues of the crown; but a real picture of the times yet remains to be drawn.

A POET FROM THE LABOURING CLASS.

The Ballad of Babe Christabel: with other Lyrical Poems.

By Gerald Massey. London: D. Bogue, 1854.

Who is Gerald Massey? the reader may ask; and how shall we answer the question, without first knowing who is our interrogator. "Is there any thing romantic about him?" asks a lady. "Yes, madam," we reply; "a great deal of the romance of real life, of that truth which is stranger than fiction; he is a hero, though not perhaps of *your* school: for he is the son of a poor canal-boatman, was a London errand-boy, and is now a labouring man!" "Is he a Whig or a Conservative?" asks a political reader. "Neither one nor the other," we reply; "but a Red Republican!" "Perhaps he is a Catholic." "No, he is not; we very much fear that he is a Pantheist!" Why, then—we may suppose all our friends exclaiming together—why, then, trouble us about him? First, because he is a true poet, and so has a claim upon our attention in a literary point of view—for true poets are not born every day; and next, he represents a class of men neither small nor unimportant in our time, of whom it is well that we should know something,—a class separated from us by religion, by politics, and by literature: for it has a literature of its own, which startles those who chance to come across it, as with a new language coined to express, if not new ideas, at least new phases of the old. It will not be without interest, then, to sketch from the materials before us the struggles, not only for position but for life, through which our author has passed; and to examine the poetry which has sprung up amid such trials, and which, with many beauties, will be found to bear plain marks of its strange origin.

From a "Biographical Sketch," with which the volume before us closes, and which professes to be an extract from

Eliza Cook's Journal, 1851, we learn some details of the life of our young poet—he is not yet twenty-six—which show us the difficulties he has overcome, and by giving us some insight into a mind which could in so short a time achieve so much, hold out rich promise for the future. To quote the words of the sketch :

“ He was born in May 1828, and first saw the light in a little stone hut near Tring, in Herts ; one of those miserable abodes in which so many of our happy peasantry—their country's pride!—are condemned to live and die. One shilling a week was the rent of this hovel, the roof of which was so low that a man could not stand upright in it. Massey's father was, and still is, a canal boatman, earning the wages of ten shillings a week. Like most of the peasants in this ‘highly-favoured Christian country,’ he had had no opportunities of education, and never could write his own name. But Gerald Massey was blessed in his mother, from whom he derived a finely-organised brain and susceptible temperament. Though quite illiterate, like her husband, she had a firm, free spirit—it's broken now!—a tender yet courageous heart, and a pride of honest poverty which she never ceased to cherish. Poverty, augmented by disease, pressed hard upon the family. None of the children were educated, in the common acceptance of the term. At eight years of age Gerald left a penny school, and went into a silk-factory, rising at five in the morning, and toiling there till half-past six in the evening! breathing an atmosphere laden with rank oily vapour, his ears deafened by the roar of incessant wheels. What a life for a child! But the mill was burnt down, and the children held jubilee over it. The boy stood for twelve hours in the wind and sleet and mud, rejoicing in the conflagration which thus liberated him. Who can wonder at this? Then he went to straw-plaiting, as toilsome and perhaps more unwholesome than factory work. For three years he suffered the tertian ague; and all this in the midst of the deepest poverty. And what says the poet himself of this terrible life? We must quote his own expressive prose, which, let the reader remember, is no mere imaginative sketch, but the plain, hard, truthful words of one who has felt what he describes: ‘Having had to earn my own dear bread,’ he says, ‘by the eternal cheapening of flesh and blood, thus early, I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood.—Ever since I can remember, I have had the aching fear of want throbbing in heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned; and few, methinks, would pass unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived: none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. The child comes into the world like a new coin, with the stamp of God upon it; and in like manner as the Jews sweat-down sovereigns, by hustling them in a bag, to get gold-dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society, to get wealth out of it; and even as the impress of the Queen is effaced by the

Jewish process, so is the image of God worn from heart and brow, and day by day the child recedes devil-ward. I look back now with wonder, not that so few escape, but that any escape at all, to win a nobler growth for their humanity;—so blighting are the influences which surround thousands in early life, to which I can bear such bitter testimony.’”

Bitter words are these: would that there were less of truth than bitterness in them! We are told that “the Bible and Bunyan” were his chief books; the first has left traces in his poetry, but scarcely so the second. Then he met with *Robinson Crusoe* and a few Wesleyan tracts. These were his only books, until he came to London, at the age of fifteen, as an errand-boy. Then his love of reading grew with his opportunities: at all times and places, at book-stalls, in bed till two or three in the morning, “nothing daunted by once setting the bed on fire; often, when out of a situation, going without a meal to purchase a book. Then I fell in love, and began to rhyme as a matter of consequence; but until then I never had the least predilection for poetry. In fact I always eschewed it.” But he had the true poetical element in him in his intense love of nature; as he says, “I always loved the birds and flowers, the woods and the stars; I felt delight in being alone in a summer-wood, with song like a spirit in the trees, and the golden sun-bursts glinting through the verdurous roof; and was conscious of a mysterious creeping of the blood and tingling of the nerves when standing alone in the starry midnight, as in God’s own presence-chamber.” Then the political element began to develop itself, and evil fortune threw him among evil guides, such as Paine, Volney, Howitt, Louis Blanc, &c.; and thus he became a political poet, and wrote those wild and impassioned lines which have given him a name among the Red Republicans. In 1849 he started a cheap journal, written entirely by workmen, entitled *The Spirit of Freedom*, of which he acted as editor; and it is characteristic of the man and his work, that we learn “it cost him five situations in eleven months; twice because he was detected burning candle far into the night, and three times because of the tone of the opinions to which he gave utterance.”

Such is the man whose poems are now before us. We might conclude beforehand, that a man who could battle successfully against such disadvantages as these, who had vigour and energy enough to earn a literary position under such circumstances, would write no commonplace poetry. One would not, perhaps, look for poetry at all in such a life; but we should be sure that if it came, it would come in strength and freshness—that it would be natural, manly, and true. And

such indeed we find it to be. Faults, of course, there are, both of expression and of metre; a redundance of metaphor, image overrunning image, fancies lavished with too prodigal a hand. Yet these are but faults of youth, tokens only of the fertility of a virgin soil,—sure presage of the rich harvest which due care and culture will bring.

The poems may be divided into two classes,—the domestic and the political; whose characteristics are respectively love and hate—love the warmest, the deepest, the truest; and hate as warm, as deep, as true. Our poet is ever in earnest, and evidently writes from his heart. Hence he is the fondest of lovers, the truest of husbands, the tenderest of fathers, and the reddest of Red Republicans. He loves with his whole heart the beautiful, and he hates with his whole heart the rich. At times these passions meet in the same poem; but generally they are kept distinct. His earlier poems are untainted by the violence of his politics, and are many of them exquisitely beautiful. Take the following lines from the “Poem” in which he addresses his wife, where, after some fine lines upon Freedom, which had hitherto been his glittering bride, he proceeds:

“And then thou cam’st, and Love grew lord of all.
Look how the sun puts out the eyes of fire!
So, when love’s royal glance my lattice lit,
The fires of freedom whiten’d on my hearth.
The sleeping Beauty in my heart’s charm’d Palace
Woke at love’s kiss. My life was set aflush,—
As roses redden when the spring moves by,
And the green buds peer out like eyes, to see
The delicate spirit whose sweet breathings stirr’d them.
How my heart ripen’d in its flooding spring,—
As when the sap runs up the tingling trees,
Till all the sunny life laughs out in leaves,
And lifts its fluttering wings! So my heart felt,
With such brave shoots of glory budding up,
As it had flower’d for immortality.
The heights of being came out from their cloud,
As the cliff’s kindle when the morning comes,
Swimming the utmost sea in ruddy haste
With foam of glory; and the ruby light,
Like mellow wine, runs down remotest hills.”

What a wild profusion of beautiful imagery is here! it is indeed, as he himself says,

“I touch my lyre,
And love o’erflows my heart and floods my hands.”

The Ballad of Babe Christabel, which gives its name to the volume, is the longest, and extends over some twelve pages.

It tells most touchingly, in fragments and in varied metres, the simple story of the birth, childhood, and death of a "sweet and sinless child:"

"Oh! she was one of those who come
With pledged promise not to stay
Long, ere the angels let them stray
To nestle down in earthly home:

And through the windows of her eyes
We often saw her saintly soul
Serene, and sad, and beautiful,
Go sorrowing for lost Paradise.

She came—like music in the night
Floating as heaven in the brain,
A moment oped, and shut again,
And all is dark where all was light.

* * * * *

In death's face her's flashed up and smiled,
As smile the young flowers in their prime
I' the face of their grey murderer Time:
And death for true love kiss'd our child."

Let these suffice as specimens of the poet in his domestic character, as a husband and a father. We must now give a specimen of his sterner style, wrung from him by the remembrance of what would excuse the strongest language, the famine-smitten children of his own home. Our space allows us only to quote a portion:

"Sweet from the boughs the birds
Sang in their mirth,
The lark messaged heavenwards
Blessings from earth—
But I turned where the gentle Lord's
Loves lay in dearth.
They heard not, nor heeded,
The sounds of life o'er them!
They felt not, nor heeded,
The hot tears wept for them!
But earth-flowers were springing
O'er human flowers' grave,
And, O God, what heart-wringing,
Their tender looks gave!
They died! died of hunger—
By bitter want blasted!
While wealth for the wronger
Ran over untasted—
While pomp, in joy's rosy bow'rs,
Wasted life's measure,
Chiding the lagging hours,
Wearied of pleasure!
They died! while men hoarded
The free gifts of God:

They died! 'tis recorded
 In letters of blood.
 Yet the corn on the hills
 Waves its showery-gold crown;
 Still nature's lap fills
 With the good heaven drops down.
 O! this world might be lighted
 With Eden's first smile—
 Angel-haunted—unblighted
 With freedom from toil.
 But they wring out our blood
 For their banquet of gold!
 They annul laws of God,—
 Soul and body are sold.

* * * * *

There be stern times a-coming,
 The dark days of reck'ning;
 The storms are up-looming
 The Nemesis wak'ning.

* * * * *

It will come, it shall come,
 Impede it what may:
 Up, people, and welcome
 Your glorious day!"

Of course we can have no sympathy with the wild hopes which these last lines convey. The folly which would look to right society by such means is only exceeded by the wickedness which would seek to carry them out. But still, we are bound to feel for those who are the victims of such delusions: men who have been tried by suffering, and stung to the quick by poverty, have a claim on our sympathy. We must make allowance for what pain wrings from them, and look through their words into their hearts; and surely we shall find much to love therein,—much which needs guiding and correcting, it is true, but what, after all, rings as the true metal. Is there not the right spirit in the lines which follow?

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

"High hopes that burn'd like stars sublime,
 Go down i' the heavens of freedom!
 And true hearts perish in the time
 We bitterliest need 'em!
 But never sit we down and say
 There's nothing left but sorrow:
 We walk the wilderness To-day,
 The promised land To-morrow.
 Our birds of song are silent now,
 There are no flowers blooming!
 Yet life stirs in the frozen bough,
 And freedom's spring is coming!"

And freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow;
And our good bark aground To-day
Shall float again To-morrow.

* * * * *

O youth! flame earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire,
Our yearning opes a portal!
And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain To-day,
The harvest comes To-morrow."

We must make space for one more very short extract, and then we have done. It is in his description of a poor but virtuous man, of whom he says that—

"In his heart he kept God's image bright;
Love was his life-blood. Through the long work-day—
The dark and terrible night-time—ay, to death,
He nurs'd his love: and God Himself is love.
*And there be none of all the poorest poor
That walk the world, worn heart-bare, none so poor
But they may bring a little human love
To mend the world. And God Himself is love.*"

And are men who write thus, and who write because they so feel, who yearn with so much earnestness after the holy and the true,—are they to be cast aside as beyond our sympathies and the reach of holy Church? True, they look not to *us* for what they need; true, they have a hideous monster in their imaginations, which they have been taught to hate as the ancient faith; true, they have hard names and bitter words to hurl at us; but are they therefore less dear to our Holy Mother, less her children? Can we condemn them for not knowing what they have never been taught, and for not loving what they have never known? What saw they of religion but what Protestantism set before them; and can we blame them for rejecting that? Their hearts yearn after something higher than the cold formalism which contents the many: they have that within which tells them there is something brighter, purer, and more holy than this; something worthy of their love, something in which their energies can find free scope and play, something on which their souls can rest content. We Catholics know what this something is, and find our rest, our joy therein; but they as yet know it not; and can we wonder that they set up an idol in the soul's shrine, rather than leave that shrine empty? They whose aim is "to bring a little human love to mend the world" are surely "not far from the kingdom of heaven." It is well, then, that we

should know something of them. They are neither few nor weak in this our England; their zeal and energy attracts the young and earnest; and so they are powerful instruments for good or evil. Their power is on the increase. Protestantism can do nothing with them; it has tried and failed. When will the Church take them in hand? Pressed on all sides with the care of those who are within the fold, she seems to have indeed but little time or means to look beyond, and provide for them that are without. And yet her work is ever missionary. Here are those who in their hearts cry for her, in their sympathies and aspirations yearn for her; and shall they cry in vain?

TRAVELS IN TRANSCAUCASIA.

Transcaucasia: Sketches of the Nations and Races between the Black Sea and the Caspian. By Baron von Haxthausen. London: Chapman and Hall.

THIS is an important book, by a very able traveller, who had a scientific object in investigating these countries. The book was written, and was in the hands of the translator, before the present war; and is not, therefore, one of those which owe their existence to the interest excited by it. The author is a Russianised German, who has not escaped the spell of the notice of the Czar Nicholas, and his leaning to Russia is not likely to fall in with the opinions prevalent in this country; but he is evidently a truthful man, and his statements may be accepted with confidence.

With all his love of Russian rule, he bears the same testimony to the inherent corruption of Russian society as our English travellers. Thus, in speaking of a scheme for Russianising Circassia by means of introducing European luxuries among them by commerce, he says, "that the common Russian dealers, the soldiers and Cossacks, are too great rogues to be intrusted with the execution of it" (p. 14). Again, speaking of the failure of all the attempts made by the Czar to introduce a little honesty into the administration of the Georgian provinces, he says: "It was too agreeable to the military officers to have the disposal of millions without rendering any account. The consequences are, however, truly melancholy: notwithstanding a state of peace, the fertile lands of Georgia make no progress in cultivation; the peasant only tills just as much corn as suffices for his food; if he grows

more, it will be taken from him,—nay, he is even obliged to carry it himself to his oppressors" (p. 102). We learn the effect of Russian occupation on the poor Georgians at p. 29: "The cultivators are not a class of independent proprietors, but hold either under the crown, the monasteries, or the nobles. They have probably been regarded as *serfs only since the Russian occupation* of the country; the two first classes are still free." And though the author asserts that this abuse was not introduced by law, but by the carelessness and cupidity of the Russian officials (p. 69), yet he tells us, that "a ukase which declares that in Georgia the presumption is against serfdom, nevertheless decrees that every person who was registered a serf previous to the 7th of August, 1809, was to remain so. Moreover, whoever was recognised as a serf by a judicial decree before the year 1836, on the ground of thirty years' service, is incapable of establishing any claim against it." "As a natural result of this state of things, a bitter animosity to the Russians and the Russian government grew up amongst all the Caucasian tribes." When the Czar made a progress through these provinces, in 1836, the officials prevented petitions being presented to him, till the emperor reversed their order, and was, in consequence, overwhelmed with fourteen hundred of them in a very little time.

At Tiflis there is a remarkable colony of Germans, who are sober industrious men, the best farmers in Georgia, but curiously fanatical in religion; they think that the Millennium is at hand, and that it is the duty of the little flock of Christians to exhibit the life of the primitive Church. "Two sects arose among them, the stricter one of which prophesied that the end of the world would arrive that very autumn, and insisted upon an entire abstinence from marriage; the other party did not consider the end of the world to be so near, and allowed of marriage for the present. Both sects agreed in abandoning all their possessions and emigrating to Jerusalem: at their head was a prophetess, a remarkable woman, who made a most imposing impression even on Herr von Kotzebue, the Russian plenipotentiary." When they had determined to emigrate, "they began by selling their houses and grounds to other colonists, generally at a merely nominal price; giving away all except simple necessities, and establishing among themselves a community of goods." The government, however, prevented the consummation of the project; and the following rather touching picture of the gentleness of the poor fanatics is given: "The village was astir, and at daybreak the singing of hymns was heard, the sound gradually drawing nearer; and soon the pil-

grims were seen approaching two and two in procession, the woman walking alone at the head. Herr von Kotzebue advanced to meet the troop, and addressed them; but, without heeding him, they continued their way singing. He kept receding, in vain endeavouring to obtain a hearing; at last, with a sudden resolution, he seized the woman by both arms, and held her tight. At once there was a stop; the singing ceased, the woman knelt down, and all followed her example: a breathless silence ensued,—every one, with clasped hands, was engaged in prayer. After a few minutes the woman stood up, and addressed Herr von Kotzebue in several passages from the Bible, declaring that the Lord had commanded them to yield to violence, and submit to the authority placed over them: she added that they would quietly return home, and await with resignation the issue of events" (p. 54).

This scene took place shortly before the author left the country: one would hardly suppose that such people had in them secular energy enough to make themselves almost indispensable to the European inhabitants of Tiflis.

Here is another curious religious sect: "In the district of Derbend there is said to be a sect of Jews named Uriani, who embraced Christianity, but without relinquishing their observance of the Jewish law in its full extent. They claim to be a remnant of the tribe of Benjamin. . . . At the time of the birth of Christ their scribes announced that the Messiah was born in Bethlehem; and in consequence they sent thither two of their number, named Longinus and Elias, who were received among the seventy disciples. After the crucifixion and resurrection, these legates returned to their brethren, taking with them the under-garment of Christ, which is still preserved and worshipped in the cathedral of Mzcheta, near Tiflis. Longinus is said to have committed to writing the teachings of the Saviour, in a book which they assert is still in existence—or at least a transcript of it; but is preserved with great secrecy. They have no knowledge of the New Testament. It would be of the highest interest to institute a research respecting this sect, although very difficult to arrive at the truth: but how important the discovery of a book which might in any degree form a corollary to the Gospel!"

We have no doubt that the result of the present mingling of the East and West will have the effect of bringing to light numerous remnants of the ancient Judaizing and Gnostic heresies, which have been supposed to have been extinct for ages; we do not, however, share in our worthy author's expectation that the apocryphal gospel of Longinus will be in any degree a corollary to the true one.

Several very pretty Georgian legends are recounted, some of which are quite like those of the Arabian Nights, others rather German or Scandinavian in their character. The author is very particular in describing the methods of agriculture, and the tenure of the soil. Of the Georgian substitutes for our shepherd-dogs he tells us, that as the steppe-hound is far too proud and chivalrous to engage in any thing else than wolf-fights, the shepherds are obliged to coax some other animal to drive and direct the flock. "This office is performed by the goats, which attend every flock, and form a ring round it in the fields; within this they compel the sheep to remain, butting them whenever they stray, and driving them back to the flock. On their return home, a stately buck-goat marches proudly at their head; the flock following him, with the other goats on either side" (p. 168).

From Georgia our traveller passes into Armenia, where, in spite of his predilection for Russian "civilization," he is obliged to own that the government is justly hated by the people. "The inhabitants (of Erivan) complain that their condition at present is more oppressed than it was under the Persians, notwithstanding that the Persian officials exercised an extremely arbitrary and despotic power over them;" then they were taxed to the amount of 5000 roubles, now they have to pay 15,000, besides furnishing horses for post service, maintaining watch and ward, &c. "Trade and commerce are heavily burdened. . . . Poverty is daily on the increase; and the poor classes, in order to pay their taxes, are often compelled to sell all their furniture, and even their very beds; whilst persons in good circumstances, seeing ruin staring them in the face, emigrate for the most part to Persia, where they find every facility for settling" (p. 201). Yet we are told, a few pages afterwards (217), "The Persian government is, in principle, the worst and most oppressive that can be imagined. The Armenians, in consequence, regarded the Russians as their liberators from an insufferable yoke; and in spite of many just grounds of complaint, they are much attached to Russia." And in another place he tells us, on the authority of a Russian writer, that of the 300,000 inhabitants of Russian Armenia, from one-third to a half have only immigrated into the country from Persian and Turkish Armenia within the last thirty years (p. 251).

Our author gives a charming picture of the domestic life of the Armenians. In the same family all the members of the same generation are brothers and sisters; the greatest intimacy reigns among them, guarded by the utmost purity of manners; marriages are forbidden to the seventh degree of

consanguinity, and the indulgence of unlawful passion in this respect is unknown. As all the family lives in the same house, there are often five or six young married women in the same establishment. The mode in which a permanence of harmony among them is provided for is, as the author says, unique. The Armenian girl enjoys perfect liberty: when she is married, she cannot speak to any one but her husband till her first child is born; then she may speak to her infant and to her husband's mother: it is not till after six years that her education is completed, and she regains her liberty of speech, having acquired a mastery over her tongue such as would not disgrace a Trappist. Then she is her husband's equal; and if she survives him, she succeeds to his place and privileges as head of the house. "From these customs arises an intimate, absorbing, and exclusive relation in the married state: the wife's very existence becomes part of the husband's; she lives in him, and has intercourse with the world only through him. This seclusion lasts for years,—it grows into a habit; the close intimacy of married life has time to be matured and confirmed, and the wife's character is unfolded and strengthened. In her early years she has been screened from the temptation of indulging in scandal and intrigue, and it is unlikely that she should gain a taste for this in after-life; and when, after her probation, she acquires the liberty of speech, she learns to use this privilege with discretion. In short, marriages among the Armenians, I was assured, are generally patterns of conjugal happiness" (p. 228).

The influence of Russia over the Armenians arises from its protection of their ecclesiastics, who enjoy the greatest consideration from all their nation; indeed, the Armenian form of Christianity is the great bond of a nationality as extended and as wonderful for its vitality as that of the Jews. And yet the Armenians are more ready to be Catholics than to be absorbed in the Russian heresy. The present Armenian patriarch, Narses, whom our author met at St. Petersburg in 1843, explained his position with regard to the Pope. "The Pope is the first patriarch of Christendom, and takes the first place in councils: but all patriarchs, properly so called, are his equals. The only true patriarchs are those of Rome, Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople, and the Catholicos of Echmiadzin. . . . On the whole we are in harmony with Rome. The Armenian patriarch usually sends a notice to the Pope of his elevation to the patriarchate. We are not, however, always in harmony with the Roman Catholic missionaries; there is also a special quarrel between the Armenian patriarch at Constantinople and the Roman Catholics.

. There is no essential difference in doctrine between the Armenian and Latin Churches; indeed, perfect agreement has repeatedly been attained."

Under Russian dominion, the patriarch, of course, has not much power; only such as the government allows him, in order to avail itself of his influence. "How undignified," he complains, "is the position of the patriarch, who is the centre of union to the whole Armenian people scattered over Persia, Turkey, and India! He has not even the privilege of corresponding immediately with the emperor, the synod, or the minister. Every letter must pass through the hands of the Governor-General of Caucasia, and is opened in his office, where every clerk may read it."

Narses says that there are about 8,000,000 Armenians of his communion, and in the Caucasian provinces about 30,000 Catholic Armenians, besides those in Turkey, Poland, Austria, and Italy.

The Armenian Church, says our author, has uniformly connected itself rather with Rome than with Constantinople, its independence appearing to be more threatened by the latter (who fiercely persecuted the Armenians in the ninth and twelfth centuries); the Patriarch of Constantinople and some of the archbishops of Turkey being the only Armenians who have ever really separated from Rome. They not merely acknowledge that the founder of their Church, St. Gregory the Illuminator, received the Armenian patriarchate from Rome, but they have several times submitted to the Pope, as the centre of unity and the supreme Patriarch; these declarations have never been retracted, so that no official schism exists; however the unity may have fallen into oblivion, still the Armenian theologians do not altogether deny the Pope to be the *centrum unitatis*. For the variance with Rome the Latin missionaries are to blame: they did their best, contrary to the orders of the Pope, to supersede the national rite, which had received the Papal sanction, and to which the Armenians are passionately attached, by the Latin rite.

From this any one may see that the French protectorate, if it could be once securely established, would be more acceptable to the Armenians than their present position as subjects of the Holy Governing Synod of St. Petersburg. As Catholics, we can only hope that the war will continue long enough to allow France to secure her footing in Caucasia, to guard the Georgian and Armenian Churches from the Russians on one side, and from the Turks and Persians on the other. Our author has the highest idea of the vocation of the Armenians. "In the harems (of Mohammedan countries) are to

be found innumerable Christian women, who secretly baptise their children. If means could be devised of uniting the Christian elements scattered throughout Asia, and imbuing them with the higher European culture, they would soon overpower the Mahomedanism by which they are surrounded. The accomplishment of this object I believe to be the mission of the Armenian Church."—And is this mission to be fulfilled for the personal behoof of the Czars of Muscovy, or for the common benefit of mankind? Is it to be directed by France or by Russia?

We have to add, that this account of the friendly dispositions of the Armenians completely tallies with the information given to M. l'Abbé Michon, at Constantinople, by M. Tchamourdjan, who was quite convinced that the reunion with Catholics would not meet with the least difficulty with the entire Armenian nation. The failure of the late mission to Constantinople he attributes to the prevalent opinion that the Pope has the wish of gradually superseding all bishops.

Our author, while in Armenia, visited a village of the Yezidis, or "Devil-worshippers," a Gnostic sect, of which he gives a much more intelligible account than Layard, the last English traveller who has investigated their opinions, and who makes them to be a remnant of the Persian Zoroastrians. They worship Satan, under the name of *King Peacock*, as the Demiurgus: at last he will be restored to God's favour, and reinstated in the government of the world which he made; and then he will remember his poor Yezidis, who are the only men that have never spoken ill of him, but have suffered so much for him! Martyrdom for the rights of Satan!

Our readers may see from the extracts that we have given that this is a very important book of travels, filled with varied information, and written in an unexceptionable spirit. It is rather characterised by solidity than by brilliancy, but it is extremely interesting; there are no personal adventures; it is the work of a man who forgets himself in the pursuit of the object he has undertaken to accomplish. It is a book to be added to the shelves of all those who wish to make a useful and valuable collection, and we heartily recommend it to our readers. It is illustrated with some pretty views in colours; one (of the Cathedral of Echmiadzin) very interesting architecturally. The map, however, is no contribution to geographical knowledge.

WATERWORTH'S ENGLAND AND ROME.

England and Rome ; or, the History of the Religious Connection between England and the Holy See, from the year 179 to the commencement of the Anglican Reformation in 1534 ; with Observations on the general question of the Supremacy of the Roman Pontiffs. By the Rev. W. Waterworth, S.J., Hereford. London : Burns and Lambert.

WE welcome with interest and pleasure the appearance of every new book of English Catholic theology. Disliking and (so far as we may do it without presumption) condemning every possible modification of the Gallican and national theories, we are sensibly alive to the importance of the creation of a national religious literature. And this, not merely in matters of a secondary or partially secular character, but through the whole domain of theology and ecclesiastical history strictly so called.

Every age and every country requires its own books of doctrine, morals, Biblical criticism, and historical argument. Neither translations, nor the transmitted writings of its own past ages, will supply the want. Vast, nay enormous, as are the stores of learning, acuteness, and piety, which are laid up in the library of the Christian Church, and excellent as are many of the present productions of certain of its continental branches, they cannot do for us the *whole* work that we want done. The master-pieces of theology, and its handmaids of other ages and countries, need to be studied and venerated with no superficial or cold attention ; and, in fact, they are the storehouse from which every thing of the greatest value must be drawn. But they require a perpetual variation in their manner of presentation to the ideas of an ever-changing race like that of man. No two nations are alike in themselves. Past history, living customs, political constitution, climate, the changes in domestic and social life, together with the never-ceasing alterations in the prevailing types of anti-Catholic and non-Catholic opinion and speculation, combine to call for incessant reproductions of old truths in new garbs, and for an application of ancient principles to details of whose existence our forefathers never dreamed.

Gladly, therefore, as we hail the rapidly-increasing circulation of the most celebrated books of theology, which characterises this present period in the progress of English Catholicity, we are none the less rejoiced when we see it bearing its natural and healthy fruit, in the gradual creation of a body of

religious literature, at once thoroughly Catholic in its principles, and English in its application of them. Englishmen and Irishmen are not Frenchmen, or Germans, or Spaniards, or Italians; and they must be addressed as what they are, and not as what they are not. They have their own ways of reasoning, their own ways of expressing their feelings, their own peculiar difficulties, their own peculiar temptations; and it is but a bastard sort of Catholicity which would ignore the existence of these distinctions, or deny their reality or importance, or impute them to some perverse, insular nationalism, which ought to be opposed and destroyed as hostile to the true principles of our faith. When it pleases Almighty God to extinguish the influences of climate, territory, and secular government, and to reduce the sturdy Englishman, the vivacious Gaul, the decorous Spaniard, the speculating German, and the impressible Italian, to one level uniformity, then we may satisfy ourselves with reproductions of the books of our foreign fellow-Catholics, and join in the cry against more new books when so many good ones already exist.

Mr. Waterworth's *England and Rome* is just one of the books designed to meet the want to which we have been referring. He has seen the resuscitation of an old fiction under the excitement of modern times; and he sets about overthrowing it, not as a piece of antiquarian criticism, but as a living power, embodied in the writings of living and influential authors, and as the natural product of the country in which it is popular. This is just what we need; not *rifaccimenti* of other men's thoughts, cooked up with a new sauce from our own personal imagination, and prepared for the market; nor, again, vague essays and disquisitions, excellent perhaps in themselves, but as a matter of fact shot out into the world by their authors, without aim or idea of hitting any body or any class of persons in particular. We have need to study the popular mind; to trace the origin of the anti-Catholic feeling of the day to its source in some deep preconception or subtle passion; to throw ourselves into the position of our adversaries, so as to feel what they feel, to do justice to what is good in them, and to detect the precise point at which a fundamental error enters into their minds, and henceforth warps their every notion, till their very sight becomes blindness, and their purest feelings are attached to the vilest objects.

The popular error which Mr. Waterworth meets, is the notion that St. Peter was never at Rome, and that practically the pre-Reformation English Church repudiated the supremacy of the Papal See. Such assertions are obviously among the most convenient weapons of those who would mislead a people.

The very audacity of the assertion, that the whole of the Roman creed is founded on one historical falsehood, gives it a sort of claim to respect with the unthinking, that is, the overwhelming majority. Not one person in a thousand who hears the statement ever thinks of testing it. It is enough that Mr. Somebody, a pious and laborious individual, says so; of course *he* would never say what he did not believe, and it is not likely that so good a man should be deceived; *therefore*, the whole Roman theory is a baseless fiction, and we may go about our business without another thought on the matter.

Mr. Waterworth's first chapter discusses in detail the question of St. Peter's residence at Rome; and we think no candid reader can rise from its perusal without admitting that if there ever was such a person as Peter, and that if he ruled and wrote *somewhere*, Rome was the place of his labours and authority. The argument is precisely parallel to that which applies in so many instances to the opinions of Protestants. The tests which they apply to the Catholic interpretation of history avail equally to the entire destruction of all history whatsoever. The true logical alternative of Catholicity is, as Mr. Waterworth remarks, not Protestantism, but Pyrrhonism. If you reject the claims of the Papacy, you have no basis for *any* belief. You are driven back to the one solitary axiom, *Sentio, ergo sum*,—"I think, therefore I am;" but beyond that you cannot advance a step. The anti-Catholic world may say what it will; but if one test is to be applied to all human knowledge, the course of argument which proves that there is a God proves equally that Pius IX. is His vicegerent upon earth.

We quote Mr. Waterworth's excellent remarks on the alternative between Catholicity and unbelief, and on the logical monstrosity involved in the rejection of the Pope, on the ground of a deficiency of patristic argument in his favour, while the Royal supremacy is accepted without the shadow of a shade of proof.

"Such is the amount of evidence which can be presented in a synopsis of the opinions and belief of the Fathers of those four General Councils which Protestants are bound to receive. Assuredly the Fathers never dreamt of an Anglican supremacy! They never fancied that some Anglican See would affect to be either above the See of Rome, or Alexandria, or Antioch, or Constantinople, or independent of Rome. Much less did it ever occur to them that a female would be called either supreme head or governor of the Church. They did not fancy that separation from Rome was a mark of Catholicity, or a means of producing unity. If it had been whispered to them that the day would come when swearing against the Papal power would be made the condition of a fancied ortho-

doxy, and the condition of obtaining honours in Church and State, could they have credited it? No: the voice of the world would have been raised against such an idea: the Fathers of the Church would have proclaimed that the See of Rome was the great See, the first See, the Apostolic See, the See with which every one was bound to be united. He who was not with the Pontiff was not with Christ—he was without, and an Antichrist. We have adduced evidence in favour of the Papal supremacy, and the dependence of a world, in matters spiritual, on St. Peter and St. Peter's successors, from the sacred Scriptures, from the writings of the Fathers, and from the first four Œcumenical Councils. Let evidence in favour of England's supremacy and independence be adduced by a Bible-boasting people from the sacred Scriptures, from the Fathers, and from Councils. Let us weigh the respective evidence, and see which will kick the beam. We have no fear or doubt about the result. Some men are only for pulling down; they have a destructive faculty: but it is time for them to show that they have a constructive power. They say readily enough, This or that does not prove the Papal authority; let us see what arguments establish the regal supremacy, and England's independent and isolated position. They criticise our sayings and proofs: let us see if their own proofs of their own system are such as to justify that right to criticise and judge which they have so long assumed. Let us see if the Scriptures and antiquity offer, I will not say a proof, but a shadow of a proof, in favour of a Parliament transferring from the Pontiff of Rome to the sovereign of this realm a supremacy over the Church in England such as was granted to Henry VIII., and has been here exercised since the days of Elizabeth of cursing notoriety. Let that be attempted to be proved in the manner proposed, which so many have declared upon oath, but which three-fourths of the Christian world proclaim to be a manifest untruth, that the Pontiff of Rome neither has nor ought to have any jurisdiction in this realm; and then we shall be able to sift evidence, and see more accurately than we do at present, the grounds on which the modern English Church is erected; and the causes of that ceaseless vituperation of the Popedom, of which Catholics have had for so long a while, as they have still, too much cause to complain."

Then, summing up the titles given to the Pontiff by Christian antiquity, Mr. Waterworth proceeds:

"Such are the declarations of the prelates of the East and of the West—prelates whose virtues, and learning, and orthodoxy, are of world-wide celebrity. Admit this evidence, and oaths against Rome will cease; reject it, and you shatter to atoms the evidences of Christianity: for think you that more positive statements or more direct proofs can be adduced of the belief of Apostles and of the primitive Church in favour of the divinity of the Son, or of the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Father and the Son? Is there as much extrinsic evidence for the first chapter of St. Matthew's

Gospel, the second Epistle of St. Peter, the Epistle of St. Jude, the Revelations, or the second and third Epistles of St. John, as is here presented for the supremacy of the Pontiff of Rome? I answer fearlessly—and this answer I give after having for years studied, and carefully, too, the evidence for the canonicity of the sacred Scriptures named—that there is not as much evidence for those sacred Scriptures as has been offered to the reader in favour of the authority of the Pontiff. Deny, then, the force of this latter evidence, and what do you do? You undermine the authority of the Scriptures themselves, and sap, as far as you can, the foundations of Christianity. For give up the Scriptures, and the rationalist will easily show you how you cannot stop fairly there. You will be forced to deny and to deny, till the whole of revelation is abandoned. It seemed a little thing to a certain person to deny that God had made the flea; after this admission he was induced to deny the creation of the fly by God; and thus, by little and little, the Manichæan persuaded him to deny even the creation of man himself by the great Creator! Infidelity in one point begets, if things are pushed to their legitimate conclusions, a general infidelity. Where such results do not follow, this is to be ascribed either to a merciful interposition of Providence, or to a want of logical inferences."

Protestantism, however, hates logic, as the devil hates holy water. It abhors a consecutive series of syllogisms, and conceives itself justified in maintaining, that an argument is worthless in favour of Rome, which is irrefragable in favour of England. Look where you will into its varied systems of belief, you will find that they are based on assumptions with respect to history, and theories as to moral evidence, whose invalidity they ceaselessly proclaim in their controversies with Catholics. When will the day come when they will apply to the "Romish controversy" (as they call it) the principles of one of their own greatest men, the author of *The Analogy*, and learn that consistency is one of the first duties of every rational being; and that *the very same* proofs which establish the truth of Christianity, and the authenticity, genuineness, and inspiration of the Bible, establish the claims of the Pope? When will their eyes be opened to the dread but inevitable alternative, Atheism or Catholicity?

Some of the best portions of Mr. Waterworth's book are his exposures—always temperately, though forcibly and lucidly expressed—of the astonishing inconsistencies of men, who can so interpret the history of the relations between England and Rome as to see in it a disproof of the claims of the latter, *and also* a proof of the claims and religion of the former. On one of the most popular of these historical fallacies—the condition of the British Church prior to the mission of Augustine—we particularly recommend his sketch of the period, and the para-

graphs with which he from time to time sums up the arguments, and points out their *real* force as bearing upon the Catholic controversy. Not less complete is the facility with which he disposes of the occasional ebullitions of passion and worldliness on the part of English Catholics of later dates, so far as they claim to prove any thing on the question of the supremacy. No man can read Mr. Waterworth's history of the relations between the pontiffs and the kings and people of this country without perceiving that, unless *all* history is a falsehood, there never was a period before the Reformation when the whole principle of the Papal supremacy was not universally admitted by the English Church, however violent may have been the storms of rebellion which now and then darkened the atmosphere.

Another useful feature in Mr. Waterworth's work is its incidental exposure of the incredible coolness with which popular writers and speakers pervert the sayings and deeds of antiquity to a purpose the very opposite of that which was designed by their authors. Such is the interpretation of the first article of Magna Charta: "The Church of England shall be free, and enjoy her rights and liberties inviolate." Preachers and platform-orators tell their dupes that these words were directed against the Pope; but the fact is, *they were directed against the King.*

Without, then, pledging ourselves to an entire agreement with every little detail of Mr. Waterworth's views, and especially taking exception to his note on the deposing power at pp. 298, 299, we have no hesitation in saying that his work is a most valuable contribution to the history of our country; and so far as those for whom it is specially designed are concerned, the only fear we have to express is, that they will be afraid to read it. Apart, moreover, from its controversial merits, the student of ecclesiastical records will find it an agreeably written and instructive manual, on one of the most important branches of history which can engage the attention of an English or Irish Catholic. We trust that the Society of Jesus, of which Mr. Waterworth is a member, and which has given to the world such a prodigious number of books, exercising so powerful an influence on the religious and miscellaneous literature of the last 300 years, will be among the most fruitful workmen in the creation of that store of English-Catholic learning and disquisition to which we look forward with hopeful eyes.

MUSICAL CRITICISM: BEETHOVEN'S MISSA SOLEMNIS.

Modern German Music. By H. F. Chorley. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE fine arts have now two sorts of professors, the talkers and the doers. Among the musical professors, we have not only to reckon the artist who composes the wonderful sonata in X sharp, but also the other more wonderful artist who explains it: we have our artists who can talk beautifully of Beethoven, and who can say fine things about Bach; just as among our architectural and pictorial geniuses we must now reckon Ruskin, who is a greater hand at making talk on these matters than at making things to talk about. This we take to be a new feature in the arts; not that they have not had their historians and their classics, but now-a-days there is a regular art-literature, a branch of imaginative and quasi-poetical writing, which seeks to express music in words, and to tell us the colour and the moral qualities of sounds and measures. Old writers on art think it enough to chronicle the practical parts of the matter, and to give rules for the manipulation. Nothing can be more simple and straightforward than Lanzi or Vasari. The new ones indulge us with mystical symbolism, which usually covers nothing but sentimental nonsense or the most outrageous philosophical absurdities.

The great folly of these men is, that they substitute art for religion. Instead of men's works and their consciences being holy and pure and good, all that our art-writers want now is, that their "utterances" of the "spirit of art within them" should be so. A musician may be too much given to his glass or to his money-bags, or he may be a very monster of selfishness and jealousies; but our writers delight in finding the "compensations" in the holy harmonies he has written, in his chaste instrumentation and his generous rhythm.

We are most of us sensible enough of the absurdities of this sort of thing. We should none of us, now-a-days, have our misgivings whether it was of any use for a priest to preach at all, if he would do so in a stole with shovel-ends, or to pray and say Mass for the conversion of England, if he was vested in a French cope or a chasuble of the fiddle-pattern. But have we not seen "Anglican" clergymen who thought they were advancing the kingdom of God by singing the Gregorian tones

with the orthodox flat leading-note, while they despised as a reprobate the evangelical who did not like the devil to have the best tunes, and therefore sang his Easter hymn to the air of "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins?" Are there not still among them some who almost identify Gothicism with Christianity; or who think, at any rate, that here in England, in this climate and latitude, it is Popish or pagan to worship God in Italian buildings with square windows or round arches? All this must come originally from the monstrous art-heresy of our days, which confounds art with religion, which makes people think they have done a good work in listening to music which touches their feelings, and call it "utterances of heaven," "voices borne from clouds of glory," "chastening and sanctifying echoes of purity and eternity," &c.; and which, therefore, necessarily and logically goes to make rigid distinctions in the arts, and to call not only subjects, but the modes of treating them, secular or religious, profane or divine. A certain class of feelings is supposed to be naturally religious, another class naturally profane; and the music which is most consonant to such feelings is profane or religious accordingly.

Now this is a great fiction: it is not our feelings that are religious or otherwise, but our application of them; and with this application of them music and her sister arts have nothing whatever to do. Those feelings and passions that have some chord that vibrates in unison with musical expressions may all be readily turned to a religious end; but music by itself, apart from its associations, only enlarges the base of the feeling, it does not point the apex. It may powerfully move the feelings of grief, of joy, of quiet gaiety, or of noisy strife; but all these feelings are quite without an object, unless something be associated with the music to direct the otherwise blind impulse. And we take it, that it is only on the ground of association that some music is sacred and other music profane: if it could be proved that David danced before the ark to the tune of one of Strauss's waltzes, would not our public be nearly unanimous in classing it among sacred compositions?

All music excites; but no merely musical excitement is either religious or profane in itself. If there were no unbecoming memories of the ball-room, the theatre, and the public-house parlour, any music would receive all necessary religious character by simply being used in the services of the Church; but, in fact, the unbecoming memories just mentioned are stronger than the present pomp of function, however imposing; and all persons (except good monks and nuns, who have forgotten, if they ever knew, such associations) would

be shocked and scandalised at hearing "Jim Crow," or the last polka, resound from our organs or our choirs.

It is only through this power of association that we can recognise the propriety of separating the sacred from the profane styles in music. Any other principle of division is found to fail in fact. Some people go back to the Gregorian tones and melodies; but there was a time when fast young men in Roman and Greek cider-cellars roared out their Anacreontics to no merrier tunes. Others think Palestrina's style to be the ideal of church music; yet wherein do his madrigals, and the music which he set to profane and licentious words, differ in form or in melody from his masses and his motetts? We have sat by people at concerts who have supposed all slow movements to be sacred; and the feeling is rather general, that musical sanctity depends on the beats of the metronome;—can there be greater nonsense? Others think that all sacred music should have a certain smack of antiquity. Certainly one has a right to require that it should not have the odour of the contemporary stage or ball-room. But any one will own that Handel's opera-songs, and most old dance-music, would now-a-days be good for psalm-tunes and anthems, simply because they do not resemble the modern secular style. Still, antiquarianism cannot be the test of sanctity, or we might rule that all music was sacred that could be proved to have been written by professors in pigtails.

For our own parts, we think that all music may be accounted to be sacred that fulfils two chief conditions: to be not violently profane in its associations, but, on the contrary, to be as religious as possible in them; and secondly, to be not frivolous and thoughtless, but well planned and studied. If neither of these conditions are violated, any music may be pronounced to be fit for religious use. If there is now a style of melody and cadence, of ornaments and harmony, that suggests and represents the tender and amatory feelings, we think it partly proceeds from association; the amatory melodies of the last century do not produce the same effect on us as they did on our fathers; probably our children will experience the same thing with regard to the tunes to which the lover of the nineteenth century expires. There may be measures which the artistic ear recognises at once as luscious, melting, enervating; and rhythms and harmonies which the same ear perceives to be strong, manly, solemn, inspiring, or religious: but we think it is often because the artist mistakes feeling for religion, that he can call one style religious, another irreligious. If the tenderest pathos, and the most sentimental and ravishing expressions, are in place in the services

of the Church, or in the colloquies of the soul with God, why not also in religious music? Is it because no feeling love can be pure, so that all religious love must be distant and devoid of feeling? Can the Church, while she uses passages of the Canticle of Solomon or the Lamentations of Jeremias to express her feelings, wish the musical expression of such words to be avoided, and to proscribe any sound that is tender and melting, and of course, when out of place, enervating, in sacred music? We think not.

It is, however, true that there is another condition, without which sacred music does not fulfil its end: it must be subservient, not dominant. It must be felt to be a means, not an end; an accessory and decoration, not the substance of the function. It must not be a mere means of display for the young ladies who thrust themselves forward to sing the Lamentations at Tenebræ in our London chapels; and if not for them, neither for the chorus, nor the organist, nor the orchestra; but this need not prevent the music being difficult. Some music is felt at once to be a mere display of the artist's mastery over frightful difficulties; in another composition, difficulties as frightful are felt to be the proper way of expressing a real musical idea. The great composer "will be borne along upon nothing less than the fullest flood of sounds that art has enabled him to draw from mechanical contrivances; he will go forth as a giant as far as ever his instruments can reach, starting from their secret depths fresh and fresh elements of beauty and grandeur as he goes, and pouring them together into still more marvellous and rapturous combinations." Wielding such a power, will not the composer be tempted to think more of his art than of the religious service for which he writes, "to use religion instead of ministering to it," to be dictator instead of scholar, and "to aim at the glory, not of the Giver, but of his own gift?"

These, then, are the three characteristics that are requisite for sacred music: it must be not violently secular in its associations; it must be the reverse of frivolous; it must be a means, not an end,—a true expression of feeling, not a mere musical display.

No one who has been fortunate enough to hear either of the late performances of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* at Exeter Hall will be likely to say that it is secular in its associations, or that it is frivolous and thoughtless. It possibly may be thought to be more a glorification of art, using the service of the Church for an occasion of its display, than a homage of art to the glory of God: this is natural, when we only consider its length, its difficulty, and its wonderful elabora-

tion. Its length, we suspect, was more the fault of the German priests of Beethoven's day, than of the musician himself; and although it must be owned to be preposterous, yet on the other hand, as on account of the difficulties of the work, and of the large orchestra it requires, it can only be performed on rare occasions and at great expense, it would seem rigorous not to allow a little more time than usual for the musical performance. We have ourselves listened to a Gregorian Mass in St. Sulpice at Paris, which, with a procession, but without a sermon, occupied three hours. Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* occupies about an hour and twenty minutes; and certainly five minutes of plain chant, as often sung, would be more wearying than an hour of such music as this, both to priest and people.

The difficulty of the music was necessary, in order to express the composer's idea; it is not difficulty of display, but the strain of prolonged notes and unexpected intervals which renders this Mass so trying. There is no piece in it that any singer or player would think of producing as a show-piece in any concert-room in the world; while the elaboration of the score is rather a recommendation than otherwise, especially since, as we propose to show, Beethoven in this Mass has not studied to assert himself, to force forward his own ideas, but has devoted all his talents to find the most perfect expression of the sentiment of his text. Of course we do not mean to say that this music is not marked by the characteristics of the composer; it would be folly to expect that it could be otherwise in an offering in which an artist tries to give to God the best that he can produce; but he has taken care that the effects shall be so overpoweringly magnificent, or so sweet, or so sorrowful, that the hearer's attention should never be called off from the effect produced to the means of producing it.

We propose now, in a short analysis, to show the amount of thought and labour which were bestowed on this composition. First, the author devoted three years and a half to it: during this time he seems to have studied on the one hand all that the great musicians have done in setting the Mass to music, his favourite model being evidently Cherubini, whom he follows very closely in the general plan of his work;—on the other hand, he considered deeply the nature of the service which the music was to subserve, and the meaning of the words which he had to set.

The Mass itself is divided into two great parts. First, the priest offers the bread and wine; then the Divine Son descends on the altar, and thence offers Himself to His Father. In accordance with this, Beethoven completely changes the

character of his music at the time of the consecration: the first portion being characterised by thought, the second by feeling. The human offering is the master-work of human science; but when the musician stands by and witnesses the consummation of divine love, he allows the heart to speak rather than the intellect. Any one can see that the music of this Mass is quite changed in character from the "Prælu-dium," which is played immediately before the consecration; and that the new character is continued to the conclusion of the whole.

Next, the meaning and purpose of each separate portion of the text is to be studied. First comes the thrice-repeated prayer, *Kyrie eleison*. How is the composer to express these words? Is he simply to look at their meaning, and make his music full of groans and sighs; or is he also to consider the solemnity of the occasion when they are used? This is the preliminary question that he has to determine: is he to express the sentiment of the occasion, or of the words? Literally, *Kyrie eleison* means "Lord, have mercy," and *Hosanna* means "Save, we beseech thee." But in using them the mind does not attend to the literal meaning, but to the feeling predominant at the time. This is the case with almost all ejaculations; they are capable of expressing both joy and sorrow. A poor old Irish widow will close her account of the death of her only son with the exclamation, "Glory be to God:" in such circumstances expressing not joy, but resignation. To say *Kyrie eleison* with the same feeling on Easter Day and on Palm Sunday is impossible; then it should not be sung in the same way; the difference ought not to be simply in the use or disuse of organ and orchestra, but in the musical mode of expressing joy and sorrow. Hence composers are quite right in writing a jubilant *Kyrie* for an occasion of jubilee; though, of course, they do much better if, without detriment to the solemnity and grandeur of the general effect, they do not lose sight entirely of the supplicatory character of the words. This Beethoven has done; his *Kyrie* is the very ideal of the ceremonial supplication of the Church, not in the least tinged with the whining and groaning of a spirit ill at ease with itself, such as Mendelssohn cannot keep clear of even in his *Lob-gesang*, that so-called song of praise, where praise is certainly dimmed with the expression of wretchedness and misery. The three chords in which Beethoven sounds forth the word *Kyrie* at the commencement, followed by the prolonged notes of the solo voices, if new and touching in their effect, are rigidly according to ecclesiastical propriety; while the simple melodies of the orchestra, and the subject of

the succeeding chorus are all such as are used repeatedly in ecclesiastical chant; so that all the associations are religious, not secular. The change of character in the movement for the *Christe eleison* is remarkable for the more familiar expression it introduces, though here also the music is quite simple in its ideas, but most intricate in its construction; ecclesiastical in association; in elaboration, a worthy offering of that which costs the artist the most trouble.

The Gloria properly commences with the priest's intonation,—the key-note of which Beethoven evidently intends to be taken from the concluding chord of the Kyrie: every one knows these few notes; the voice begins on the tonic, rises to the fifth, and then falls to the major third. This passage is at once taken up by the orchestra, with just so much variation as is necessary to render it a fit subject for counterpoint, and then by voice after voice in the choir; till the whole chorus unites in a magnificent unison passage, where the voices and instruments are carried to the highest pitch of their register and power, when they subside at once into a peaceful calm for the next words, *et in terra pax hominibus*. This kind of colouring is used throughout with the most thoughtful attention; for instance, at the *Adoramus te*, when the ministers in the sanctuary have to bow low, the voices are suddenly hushed, and the words seem to proceed from mouths prostrate on the pavement. The same occurs for one bar, to express the word *sanctus*, in the *Quoniam*. The movement of the Gloria is first modified to express the words *Gratias agimus tibi, propter magnam gloriam tuam*, where the melody, like the words, is divided into two clauses, the first melting and almost sentimental, the second characterised by the clear decision of a rising series of notes. Every where throughout the Mass he has laboured in this way to represent the sense of each particular word by the character of the melody or harmony, or by the sudden emphasis or dropping of the voice. An instance of the labour which he bestowed on the score may be seen in the opening of the fugue, *Cum Sancto Spiritu*, where, while the bass voices and trombones are roaring out the subject, the oboes are introduced with a delicate passage of imitation, that can no more be heard in the performance, than the backs of Phidias' statues in the tympanum of the Parthenon could be seen by the spectator on the ground. At the end of this fugue he has repeated the opening words, *Gloria in excelsis*, according to the practice of Cherubini and other church composers. It may not be strictly correct, but perhaps it is not contrary to the spirit of the *Antiphonarium* or *Responsorium*.

The *Credo* commences with a few chords for the orchestra,

which have been a great stumbling-block to musical critics. Mr. Chorley says that this commencement puts the ear into a state of unrest, from which it is difficult wholly to recover; while Mr. Macfarren says that its effect is strange as its employment is unusual, and then labours to find some deep æsthetical reason for it. The real reason is nothing very recondite; it is simply a cadence to conclude the intonation of the priest, with which this movement properly begins, as any musical man may see from the following notes :



This whole movement is a wonderful example of word-painting. Thus, after first sounding forth the word *Patrem*, the chorus suddenly stops, and then in a hushed voice repeats the word, as if it bethought itself of the endearing character of the name. So throughout, the composer does not seem to have aimed for a moment at musical unity; he only sought to express each feeling which the text might suggest: that the piece should at last turn out to be self-consistent is only to be attributed to his consummate art. This word-painting is carried to its highest pitch for the *Incarnatus*. The mystery is announced by a piece of vague and strange melody, which Mr. Macfarren pronounces to be Gregorian, in the "Dorian mode," whereas Mr. Chorley protests that no traces of ecclesiastical chant are to be detected in this Mass. This beautiful and mysterious quartett grows into another movement to express the words *Et homo factus est*; and then another change of movement and of key introduces the words *Crucifixus etiam pro nobis*, from amidst the awful gloom of which the name of Pontius Pilate is rung out with a tone of martial defiance, as if the choir was challenging him to mortal combat. What other composer could ever give unity to such frequent changes?

In accordance with the simplicity of the means by which Beethoven produces his effects, he has expressed the words *Descendit de cœlis* by making the voices drop by a wide interval, as he has painted *Ascendit in cœlos* by an ascending passage; so, in another place, to express *Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloriâ tuâ*, the notes rise up to the word *cœli*, and then suddenly drop at the word *terra*. Our modern critics do not like the simplicity of this machinery, which they call an unworthy kind of punning, only, we think, because in their reach after depth, they despise any thing that is plain and

easy, which, after all, is the only way of arriving at grandeur in art. After a long fugue on the words, *Et vitam venturi sæculi*, the *Credo* ends with a slow and most beautiful *coda*, evidently intended to express the rest and peace of heaven. In it each solo voice, one after the other, rises gradually to its extreme height, and falls back in dropping notes, but only to rise again to the heights whence it had descended; while all the while the harmony of the chorus flows on peacefully beneath. We doubt not that Beethoven was thinking of the blessed spirits soaring up to enjoy the beatific vision, and then descending with messages of peace; or perhaps he had read that beautiful passage of Dante which his music at once brought to our mind:

“ Then saw I light, in likeness as a river,
Gleaming with flashing stars, between two banks
Enamelled wondrously with hues of spring;
And from this stream there issued living sparks,
Which settled on each side, within the flowers,
Like rubies set in filagree of gold;
Till, with their fragraney inebriate,
Back would they plunge beneath that wondrous flood;
Whence, as one entered, still another rose.”

Even this lovely passage is carped at by Mr. Chorley, who asks why the composer has held back the climax by the passages of display for the solo voices in *grave tempo*? Among the instances of Beethoven's study in setting the words of the *Credo*, we almost forgot to notice, that while he paints the words “*Ascendit in cælos*,” he simply announces “*Et resurrexit*.” He may have considered that, as the resurrection was a mystery that no creature was allowed to witness, it was only to be declared, not described; and therefore he reserved the musical description for the ascension.

As in the commencement of the *Gloria* and *Credo* Beethoven was anxious to preserve the character of the preceding intonation, he has kept to the same purpose in the beginning of the *Sanctus*, which quite preserves the character of the preface which introduces it, as may be seen by the two following passages; the first of which is the conclusion of the preface, as chanted by the priest, the second the opening of the *Sanctus*:





in which the same charming vagueness of melody is most cleverly carried out. This movement soon gives place to a spirited piece of writing for the *Pleni sunt cæli*, and then succeeds a short fugue *Hosanna*. After the priest is supposed to have come to the most solemn part of the Mass, and while he prepares to utter the words of consecration, the orchestra plays the wonderful *Præludium*, in which the change of the character of the music from the thoughtful to the passionate is first indicated. While the priest is pronouncing the sacred words, Beethoven artlessly expresses the descent of God from heaven by a descending passage for a kind of trinity of instruments (a violin and two flutes), which is ridiculous to describe but charming to hear; and then the voices of the chorus solemnly chant forth the words *Benedictus qui venit*, &c. to a simple melody common in ecclesiastical chant. Then the instrumental symphony is resumed while the chalice is consecrated, after which succeeds a long but passionate and ravishing *Benedictus*, which, in a concert-room, would hardly fail of being re-demanded. This character of passionate devotion is continued throughout the *Agnus Dei*, the singular melody of which may be found nearly note for note in some of the ancient Gregorian music, though it is strangely transformed by the magical touch of the great master. Then follows the *Dona nobis*, the peaceful and almost pastoral character of which movement is twice broken in upon by the sounds of war, at first distant, afterwards close and threatening, and mingled with sounds of civil discord, expressed by a fugue in which the wind and the stringed instruments have different subjects; then again dying away, till at last the sound of the drum ceases, the struggle is over, and peace is won. Nothing can be more dramatic than this movement, and yet nothing can be further from any secular associations: of course the sound of war is the sound of war—nothing can make it otherwise; but the manner in which the prayer for peace steals over the chaos, and at last extinguishes it, removes this portion of the Mass from all undue secularity. The end is said to be abrupt; but after it there are collects to be chanted, and various ceremonies to be performed, so that the musical close does not represent the end of the function; this should always be borne in mind in judging of its effect.

The few particulars which we have thrown together will show that Beethoven, like the great masters of painting whom Vasari writes about, did not study the metaphysical profundities of theories on the sanctity of colour and tone, but devoted himself to the invention of the most simple and artless symbols, to shadow forth, not his own ideas, but the ideas of the text he had undertaken to illustrate by music. No amount of such study would dispense with the necessity of the innate genius; but when one of the masters of the art undertakes a religious work in such a spirit of patient obedience as is here shown, the result cannot but be a masterpiece, such as Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*.

We have made these brief remarks, to remove, as far as we can, an impression that this Mass, though wonderful as a piece of music, is useless for the church choir. It is useless for any such choir as we have in England; but it is not useless for some of the great cathedrals of Catholic countries, on such occasions as the coronation of an emperor or the installation of a bishop, when expense is not spared, and the highest expression of musical art is demanded. For, to our minds, it is the grandest and most satisfactory piece of sacred music, and the best adapted for its purpose, that has ever been written.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

The Mind and its Creations; an Essay on Mental Philosophy, by A. J. X. Hart (New York, Appleton). Our author introduces himself as the inventor of a new theory of philosophy, the principle of which is, that the mind creates its own ideas. He rejects the notion that our ideas are furnished by God, because it is "repugnant to suppose" that such innumerable phases of thought in the myriads of thinking beings "could possibly be the work of one single, ever-toiling idea-creator: we cannot venture therefore to ascribe their creation to one being, even an immortal and almighty one." Therefore, the mind itself creates all its ideas. "Sensations are created by the mind, on occasion of the magnetic fluid radiating from some external object and communicating an impulse to the sense, or from some exterior object impinging on the organs of the body, so as to excite the nerves communicating that fluid to the mind Emotions, on the other hand, are created by the spirit, on occasion of its own ideas, ever present to the mental eye." So with ideas properly so called: "The mind," he says with Byron,

"Is its own origin of ill, and end,
And its own place and time."

And to confirm this, he adduces the fact that ideas significant of the

attributes of the human spirit are to be found in all men, identical in all, and can be referred to no other source than the mind.

It will be evident to our readers, that this writer labours under too great a confusion of mind ever to be a true philosopher. To give an additional specimen of this deficiency,—though he assures us that he renounces every opinion that may clash with the decision of the Church (p. iv.), yet in a very few pages we find him “humbly protesting against the doctrine of that authority which would dictate our opinions about the existence of facts, their natural interpretation, or the laws of matter and spirit; *for no mere human authority* can change those laws, or reverse the decrees of the Creator.” He protests also against the position which Dr. Brownson is so triumphantly maintaining, namely, the supremacy of the Pope in the temporal as well as the spiritual order. We are afraid that the Church would make short work of many of his propositions. On the whole, we cannot congratulate the author on the execution of this work. In spite, however, of our disapproval of his theories, we sincerely congratulate him on the line of study which he has taken up, and do not despair of seeing something much better from his pen when his ideas have been corrected and his method matured.

Commentaries on Universal Public Law, by G. Bowyer, M.P. (London, Stevens and Norton; Ridgway). Mr. Bowyer has obtained considerable credit by his former legal works, “*Commentaries on the Constitutional Law of England*,” “*On the Modern Civil Law*,” and by his “*Reading, before the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple*,” which were, we believe, assiduously attended by some of our greatest legal authorities. The present book is a review of universal public law, that is, the law which has for its object the state, not the individual; the law which directs the aggregation of society, and which is prior to private law, seeing that private law is a mere abstract idea, having no reality of life until after the establishment of a judicial power within the state. He takes a Catholic view of the relationship between public ecclesiastical law and public civil law. The book is a valuable one, characterised by great research.

We are rather amused at the preface; the gist of which is, that all the late revolutionary movements of Europe having been occasioned by a disregard of law, the great means of opposing the anarchical spirit is the encouragement of legal studies. Truly there is nothing like leather. The work is intended, not for lawyers only, but for the general public;—*very* general indeed, if it is meant to be read by all those to whom it is dedicated, “*The Clergy and People of Dundalk*.”

Julian, or the Close of an Era, by L. F. Bungener. (2 vols. London, Hall, Virtue, and Co.) A work by the author of “*The Priest and the Huguenot*,” intended to show the progress of a mind, during the first French Revolution, from the philosophy of Rousseau through Bible-reading to Evangelical pietism. The main outline of the story is quite as false as that of any common English Protestant novel; for if any thing is notorious, it is that Protestantism sided with infidelity in France to persecute the Church during the first revolution. We must, however, do the writer the justice to say that he has filled in his details with some regard to truth (of course making choice only of such as suit his own purpose), and that he has produced a book which may be read even with some degree of pleasure by a Catholic; though on the whole the author is far too didactic to make a good manufacturer of stories. He has read up the journals and *brochures* of the day with praiseworthy attention, and thus a good many amusing but superficial pictures of the society of 1790-99 are given us.

The History of the French Protestant Refugees, from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the present time, by Charles Weiss (Blackwood), is a book containing a large amount of information; to which we only refer thus briefly, as we shall return to it at some length on a future occasion.

A Catholic History of England, by William Bernard M'Cabe, Vol. III. (London, Newby). Mr. M'Cabe has just completed the third volume of his very laborious and praiseworthy undertaking; an attempt to set before us the history of our country as it was really written by the most ancient and trustworthy of our annalists, "the monkish historians." The present volume, of nearly 900 octavo pages, embraces a period of scarcely a hundred years, from the commencement of the reign of St. Edward the Martyr, to the death of the last Harold, *i.e.*, from 975 to 1066; and when we mention that the first volume of the People's edition of Dr. Lingard's work contains the history of some thirty or forty years more than all Mr. M'Cabe's volumes put together, it will be obvious that this latter gentleman has spent no small labour on his undertaking, and brought together a most abundant supply of materials. Indeed, the plan which he has adopted necessarily renders his work not so much a history as a collection of materials for a history; and one inconvenient consequence of this arrangement is, that the narrative is often embarrassed by contradictory statements; the one-sided views of various writers being recorded in their own unaltered language, without any attempt to combine and harmonise them into some consistent whole, which would probably represent the views of neither party. At the same time, much may be said for preferring this plan, under the circumstances of the day, to one that would have led to a more ambitious result. Catholic literature, especially that which relates to the history of this country, is necessarily to a great degree apologetic. Enemies wrote our history, when our hands were tied behind our backs, and we were unable to dispute their assertions. The cords are now loosened; but it may fairly be doubted, whether the best answer to the Protestant picture of the man killing the lion must be another in which the lion is represented as killing the man. Something suggestive of the probability that the last is the more correct representation of the two, may tend more to dissipate the unhappy prejudices of our fellow-countrymen than a more direct attack on their injustice. Mr. M'Cabe's plan is just one which suggests this. It implies that the question between Catholics and Protestants is one of facts, and it challenges our opponents to their examination. In this point of view, it is calculated to be eminently useful. Catholics also will derive from a perusal of these volumes much interesting information that will probably be new to them.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Brazil, the River Plate and the Falkland Islands, by W. Hadfield (London, Longmans). The author was secretary to the South American Steam-Navigation Society, and went out with its first ship on a commercial mission. On his return he cooked up his own observations with extracts from all imaginable writers on the countries he had visited, and has thus emphatically *made* a book, illustrated with woodcuts of no great value, and a map of none at all. We do not at all mean to say that the book does not contain a good deal of information, some highly

interesting. The writer, to his credit, takes a right view of the administration of the monster Rosas; he is a true son of the nation of shopkeepers, and judges of all things by their relation to commerce. For this reason he is pleased with the lower orders in Madeira: "We found ourselves amongst a pushing, energetic race, anxious to trade and make money with an earnestness that was quite refreshing."

Those whom it concerns may be glad of the following information concerning a mountain-tract in Pernambuco, called the Sertao: "The most surprising relief is experienced by consumptive patients, who are sent there from the coast by native doctors, on breathing the exhilarating air of this peculiar climate. I have heard of numerous cases of men going up apparently in the last stage of complaint, and in a few weeks becoming quite strong, and so stout that they could not get on the clothes they had taken with them." Such local advantages, joined to the benefits of a tropical climate, might do great things in this common disease.

The fifteenth edition has just appeared of *Clark's Introduction to Heraldry* (Washbourne and Co.), considerably improved and enlarged. It is not only a most useful book for those learners who are desirous of being initiated into the mysteries of the heraldic art, but also full of much valuable information on the orders of knighthood, titles of honour, and degrees of nobility in England, and other cognate subjects. The antiquarian and student of history will find here neatly engraved the arms of five hundred different families, thereby assisting him most materially in any inquiries he may be making into the genealogical tree of some particular hero or family. The explanations of heraldic terms are clear, simple, and well arranged, and the book may be safely recommended as a very useful appendage to any library. But, indeed, a work that has been in use for eighty years, and passed through fourteen editions, needs no critic's commendation.

The second volume of *Cowper's Poems* in the Annotated Edition of the English Poets (J. W. Parker and Son), contains the first half of that mirror of his own life, both in its outward circumstances and inward feelings, "The Task;" together with several of his poetical *jeux d'esprit* and minor pieces, such as "The diverting History of John Gilpin," &c. Mr. Bell continues to perform his task as editor with great judgment and ability; his Introductions and Notes are not too long or numerous, and are always pertinent.

The Sea-Side Book, by W. H. Harvey, M.D. (J. Van Voorst, London), is an introduction to the Natural History of the British Coasts, and intended to combine amusement with instruction for those who at this season of the year flock to the sea-side in quest of health and recreation. It contains a good deal of scientific information in a popular form, chiefly on botanical subjects, but partly also on geology, ichthyology, conchology, and other branches of natural history; and may prove a useful occupation therefore for many an hour that would otherwise have been spent in listless idleness on the sea-shore.

Lives of Nicholas I. and Abdul Medjid, by the Rev. H. Christmas (London, Shaw). In estimating the characters of the subjects of his memoirs, the author "has thought it advisable to strike a balance of probabilities among the varying statements of the so-called authorities." Accordingly he gives us, *in extenso*, the personal invectives of the liberal writer, and the fawning flatteries of the Russian courtier; striking no balance that we can find, but merely making an unorganised aggregate of contradictory statements. The writer's object in the first biography

is to prove that Nicholas is not happy: "We have seen him successfully pursuing his policy, insinuating his family into the principal houses of the continent, and gaining apparently a sure influence in every cabinet; but who shall envy the Emperor of all the Russias, who shall call him a happy man?" and a page further on, the same cuckoo note is repeated: "An empire oppressed with debt, declining popularity, and war in a bad cause. With these drawbacks, is Nicholas, the imperial autocrat, an enviable or a happy man?" Is the Rev. H. Christmas an old woman. Can we not fight a man without calling him "poor Nicholas," as if all misery consisted in having offended us? No doubt it is very satisfactory to Mr. Christmas and his flock to be convinced that Nicholas is not happy; but happy or not, he is a great fact, and the solution of the difficulty will be no nearer by our convincing ourselves that he is an object of pity. We have no patience with these odious personalities, when the question is one of principle. But those who like them will find a copious collection of them in this compilation, which we have no doubt will be generally read: but for ourselves, *Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa.*

The Sentence of Kaires, and other poems, by Henry Nutcombe Oxenham, M.A., late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford (London, Whittaker). Under a somewhat obscure title, Mr. Oxenham has presented us with a volume rich in poetical imagery and truthful religious feeling, vividly recalling the glowing tints of Father Faber's earlier muse. An unmistakable spirit of love and devotion to our dear Lady breathes an odoriferous fragrance over the whole volume: Mr. Oxenham is a Protestant, but a vision has dawned upon his spiritual gaze, which, we are fain to believe, is not with him, as in the case of Wordsworth, Tennyson, and so many more, a mere poetical scintillation. Let him only be true to his own lines (in p. 61), so expressive at once of the hopelessness which he finds in Anglicanism, and of the genuine aspirations of his heart towards its true home,—and he cannot fail, in obedience to the sweet inspirations of divine grace, to become a Catholic. We may be sanguine; but to us these poems seem full of hope, both poetical and religious.

True Stories for Young Children,—The Favorite Story Book,—Mamma's Own Story Book, &c., &c., by the author of *Chickseed without Chickweed* (Darton and Co., London). These little books form part of a series of reading lessons for children of different ages, and are excellent of their kind. They have the double merit of being written with an evident understanding of the ways and thoughts of children, introducing at the same time a simple and familiar tone of instruction. "The Little Patriots" will teach many a child to play some famous games out of history; and many another child will find his own portrait, and learn a useful lesson, in "How to be Good." It is singular, however, to see how almost impossible it is to find a Protestant book of the simplest kind perfectly suitable to Catholic children, or without something which requires explanation or omission, and least of all when touching on the debatable ground of history. In the history of the foundation of Christ's Hospital, the authoress, whilst giving the pious ejaculation of the "good young king" when he had finished his work, has omitted to mention how "the building which had belonged to the Grey Friars" had become theirs no longer; or possibly our admiration for his generous disposal of stolen property might have been a little lessened.

Selections, Grave and Gay, by Thomas de Quincey (Edinburgh,

J. Hogg). This is an author whom we always meet with pleasure. There is something to our taste in his lazy method of telling stories, in his innocent way of enlarging on minute details, and illustrating small jokes with all sorts of classical reminiscences and parallels. In this new volume we have, first, the adventures of a Spanish heroine, who, at fifteen years old, escaped from a convent at St. Sebastian and became an officer of cavalry in America; then we have an account of the last days of Immanuel Kant, as described by M. Wasianski, a Lutheran pastor, a pupil and intimate friend of the philosopher, who managed his temporal concerns for him when he became too feeble to look to them himself, without troubling himself much about the spiritual; for even at the death-bed he naively tells us, "it was only for the purpose of still observing the fluctuations of the pulse, that he was kneeling at the bedside." Indeed Kant does not seem to have been a man who would have suffered any allusion to other matters. He was one of the most practical materialists that ever lived; his wonderful intellect embraced every thing but one. His health, by his own care, was "exquisite;" his liberality "princely;" his conversation unparalleled; his social qualities every thing that could be desired; his philosophical studies resulted in the foundation of a new school, and gave an impulse to his age; and this was all he wished for: he got what he wanted, and it is his own fault if he did not want the proper thing. He is a grand heathen; but, in spite of his heathen virtues and unfailing self-respect, a very unamiable figure, and only an object of pity when in the feebleness of second childhood. The rest of the volume is occupied by a discussion of the revelations of Lord Rosse's telescope; a narrative of Joan of Arc, and papers on the casuistry of Roman meals, and on modern superstition. It is a volume to be read; though Catholics will find that, now and then, the author allows himself to use very insulting language "in their regard," *e.g.* p. 170: "The Canon (Ricupero), being a beneficed clergyman in the Papal Church, was naturally an infidel;" and though the general reader will find that, in discussing philosophical subjects, his dawdling narrative, which is so taking in his stories, degenerates into something very much akin to twaddle.

Among the numerous periodical publications of the day, Mr. Kenny, Principal of St. Mary's School, Richmond, has introduced a perfect novelty, in the shape of *The Student's Classic Pamphlets, or Periodical Brochures of School Literature* (T. Allman, 42 Holborn Hill, London). The first three numbers are now before us, consisting severally of the first three books of Virgil's *Æneid*. The text is taken from the most approved editions, and illustrated, not overloaded, with plain and practically useful notes. It is printed in good clear type and on good paper; each number contains between thirty and forty pages, and is sold for sixpence, sewed in a neatly printed cover. We are thus particular in describing it, because it seems to us to be a really valuable innovation in scholastic literature; more especially to ourselves, who so frequently have occasion to teach the Latin language to boys taken from the humbler ranks of life. The outlay for the purchase of school-books for a class is by this means most materially lessened; the expenditure is gradual; and if the progress of the pupil turns out to be unsatisfactory, or if for any other reason his studies are interrupted, the priest, the schoolmaster, or the father of a family, has not the mortification of seeing expensive books destroyed (or so soiled as to be almost destroyed) before the twentieth part of them is read. We cordially recommend these little pamphlets, and augur for them a complete success.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Les Trappistes ; ou l'Ordre de Cîteaux au XIX^e Siècle, par M. Casimir Gaillardin, Doct. ès-lettres, Professeur d'Histoire au Lycée Louis-le-Grand (2 vols. Paris, L. Maisson). The Trappists, says the author with great truth, are supposed to be worn-out old rakes, who, with a mixture of folly and despair, do penance for their past misdeeds by perpetual silence, starvation, and every self-inflicted torture of mind and body that can make a man a burden to himself and to the rest of the world. The author once shared these prejudices, but was freed from them by a personal inspection of the monastery of La Grande-Trappe, and writes this book to show that it is great, not only as a religious, but as a social institution ; that it is agreeable, not only to the Christian faith, but to human reason ; that it is a happy combination of obedience and liberty, penance and joy, charity and rigour ; that it dispenses real benefits, and does good service to society. The introduction contains a delightful picture of the daily life of the monastery ; and the history begins with Cîteaux and St. Bernard, and is continued down to the present century. We highly recommend the work.

Vie du Cardinal d'Astros, Archevêque de Toulouse, par le R. P. Causette, Supérieur des Prêtres du Sacré-Cœur, Missionnaires du Diocèse (1 vol. pp. 780, Paris, Vatou). The Cardinal d'Astros was nephew of M. Portalis, who was nominated by Napoleon to be the secretary of state "*chargé des affaires concernant les cultes*." As chief of his uncle's bureau, he had a great share in settling the terms of the Concordat which restored religion to France ; when, however, Napoleon changed his policy, and commenced his crusade against the Papacy, d'Astros was the champion of the Pope ; and for his devotion to the Church suffered a long and rigorous imprisonment, from which he was only delivered by the abdication of the emperor. He was consecrated Bishop of Bayonne in 1820. In 1830 he was translated to the Archbishopric of Toulouse, and was in Paris during the revolution ; he saw also the revolution of 1848, and died the death of a saint Sept. 29th, 1851, having nearly completed his seventy-ninth year. His long and eventful life well deserves this very interesting biography, which is written in the most affectionate and admiring spirit.

Les Femmes de l'Evangile. Homélies prêchées à Paris, par le R. P. Ventura de Raulica (Paris, Vatou). If Father Ventura went wrong in 1848, when almost all the world was crazy, he has retraced his steps, and made full satisfaction for his error. We can now look on him again as what he certainly was before his unfortunate partisanship of the Roman Republicans, the first, the fullest, and the most thoughtful of the Church orators of Italy ; almost the only one that we ever heard who had more matter than words, more solidity than figure. The present volume of homilies is a good specimen of the power of the allegorical and spiritual interpretation of Scripture ; the preacher has done for the "women of the gospels" what Cardinal Wiseman has done for the parables and miracles in those admirable essays of his, which are the flower of his volumes. In a short introduction, Father Ventura defends the Patristic mode of interpretation against what he truly calls the Judaising and Protestantising literalism. He inveighs against the dry literal interpretations of the gospel, which French priests deliver at their *prône*, and against the tacking on a mere disquisition on morals to some text of the gospel. Such sermons may move, they cannot change the man. "*Accedet homo ad cor altum*;" he must rise to a height

above Plato or Aristotle before he can glorify God by really hating vice; and the easiest way to assist him to rise, is to preach the greatness of Jesus, in Whom are the treasures of infinite wisdom; to show him the reasons, the analogies, the relations, the greatness of the dogmas of the gospel; that is, to explain the gospel in the style and method of St. Paul and the fathers: for, after all, it is the love of Jesus, not the knowledge of moral philosophy, which has converted every sinner, from St. Mary Magdalene to the latest of the sainted penitents.

Les Sires de Coucy, par Carle Ledhuy (Paris, Lecoffre). A set of mediæval tales, founded on events which happened in the ancient baronial family which gives its name to these very interesting chapters. A book that may be safely put into the hands of children.

The Ecclesiologist and the Rambler.

The *Ecclesiologist* of last month (p. 164) complains of the remarks, in our April number, upon its publication of a sequence by Thomas of Celano, as something which was now for the first time printed, whereas it was to be found in the first three early printed missals which one of our correspondents happened to have an opportunity of consulting. We characterised this proceeding as "a curious instance of the careless and negligent manner in which antiquarian and archæological inquiries are sometimes conducted;" and in reply, the *Ecclesiologist* urges that the mistake into which it fell was "shared with Wadding and the Bollandists, and that the *Rambler* fell into it twice to their once." To the first part of this reply we have nothing to say; it is not without weight, and *valeat quantum*; but the ingenious retort in the second part is certainly amusing. For what is the state of the case between us? The *Ecclesiologist* has had a series of articles for several months on *Inedited Sequences*; it has been a *special* subject of antiquarian research in its pages; and trusting to its accuracy, we transferred one of these sequences to our own pages, with the proper acknowledgment, and taking for granted the truth of its statement relative to its history. In the following month, a correspondent writes to inform us that our trust has been misplaced; for that he finds the said sequence in several printed missals, as well as another sequence which, *on the same authority*, we had stated to be lost, and which we therefore produced: that is to say, we who have never made any special search after inedited sequences, trusting to the representations of the *Ecclesiologist*, which professed to have done so, were led by it into a double mistake; and then the *Ecclesiologist* tells us we have no right to complain of its inaccuracy, because of these very mistakes into which itself had misled us.

NOTE ON VOL. I. NEW SERIES, P. 296.

We have been requested by Dr. Alexander Reumont, of Aix la Chapelle, to correct an error in our *March* Number, at page 296, where his brother, the Commander Alfred Von Reumont, is stated to be a Protestant. The Commanderi secretary to the Prussian Legation at Rome, and *Chargé d'affaires* at Florence, but is of an old Catholic family and himself a Catholic. Dr. Reumont further states, that his brother scarcely recognised his own work in the translation. It is by no means an uncommon practice in Protestant translators of foreign works intended for general circulation, either to omit all that is distinctively Catholic, or at least materially to weaken it in the process of translation; and we suppose something of this kind has been done in the present instance, and that this has caused our reviewer to fall into the error complained of.